

# Rattler

HOLIDAY STORY

Bystander 2s. weekly 3 Aug. 1960

# MURALS MAKE A COMEBACK



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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVII Number 3075

3 AUGUST 1960

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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET

ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAFALGAR 7020)

## SOMETHING'S UP ON THE WALL



A dress for hot-house weather—in white piqué, by Susan Small (16½ gns. at Hunts, New Bond Street, W.1). The hat is by Simone Mirman, and the ear-rings are from Derry & Toms. Photographed by DAVID OLINS in the Monaco Garden at the Royal Pavilion, Rotterdam

A FEW YEARS AGO there was a revue skit in the West End called "Something on the wall by Chagall." It was about a mural in the theatre, which was about the only sort of place you ever saw a mural then. But suddenly the idea of something on the wall other than a picture (or wallpaper) is making headway in the home. Alan Roberts and Lewis Morley report progress in *Murals make a comeback* (page 200 onwards). They came up against one unexpected snag: several people were unwilling to have their new murals photographed because of difficulties with their insurance, and, for the same reason, some who were willing asked that their names should not be revealed. . . .

This being holiday week, The TATLER publishes one of its few short stories of the year. Honor Tracy is the author, and it's certainly an away-from-it-all story, besides being done with all the distinction associated with her writing. She calls it: *The warm tides of humanity* (page 197). . . . Another holiday contribution comes from Mary Macpherson, who has been applying her original mind to the problem of Bank Holiday week driving. She comes up with something not to be confused with the usual solemn nonsense that is written whenever the traffic (and therefore the casualty total) is heavier than usual. Her discovery centres on a statistic that Mr. Marples must have overlooked. See *Tension for two in a car* (page 195). . . .

Also in this issue: the first pictures of J. B. Priestley & his wife Jacquetta Hawkes in their new home—*A new mantelpiece for the Priestley pipe* (page 214. . . . *Welcome in the rain* (page 187), the State Visit of King Bhumibol and Queen Sirikit of Thailand . . . Muriel Bowen reports the International Horse Show at the White City (page 192) with pictures by Desmond O'Neill.

## Next week:

The Tame Blue Yonder—or, private flying is a pushover. . . .

## PS.

Mrs. G. L. Forsythe of Sutton asks: "Am I wrong or is The TATLER using bigger pages?" Half right. The pages remain the same but the type area has been enlarged, which gives a bigger effect.



## GOING PLACES



## SOCIAL

**Royal Dublin Horse Show**, to 6 August.

**Grand Gala**, Summer Sporting Club, Monte Carlo, 5 August, in aid of Croix Rouge Monegasque.

**Taunton Vale Polo Club Ball**, Hatch Court, 5 August. (Tickets: Mrs. H. C. M. Stevens, Hele Mount, Taunton. Telephone: Bradford-on-Tone, 274.)

## SPORT

**Cricket**: Canterbury Cricket Week, to 5 August. Warwick v. South Africa, Edgbaston, to 5 August.

**Golf**: Amateurs v. Professionals, Prestwick, 5, 6 August.

**Sailing**: Torbay Yachting Fortnight, 12-27 August.

**Polo**: Brecknock Cup, 1st rounds & semi-finals, Cowdray Park, 6, 7 August. Woolmers Park v. Ham, Ranworth v. Meadowside, Ham House, 7 August.

## MUSICAL

**Sadler's Wells Opera**. *Merrie England*, 7.30 p.m., Sat. matinée 2.30 p.m., from 9 August. (TER 1672/3.)

**Festival Ballet**. *Les Sylphides*, Bonaparte à Nice, *Graduation Ball*, today & 4 August; *Swan Lake* (Act II), *The Witch Boy*, *Symphony For Fun*, 5, 6, 8 August. 8 p.m., matinées, 2.30 p.m., Weds, Sats. (WAT 3191.)

**Promenade Concerts**. *The Creation*, Sir Malcolm Sargent with the B.B.C. Orchestra, Royal Choral Society, Croydon and Watford Philharmonic Societies. 7.30 p.m. tonight. (KEN 8212.)

**Royal Ballet**. Short season, 15-27 August. Ballets will include *Birthday Offering*, *Sweeney Todd*, *Blood Wedding* and *La Fête Etrange*. 7.30 p.m. Matinée, 2.15 p.m., 20 August. (cov 1066.)

## ART

**Picasso** (retrospective), Tate Gallery, to 18 September.

**Royal Academy Summer Exhibition**, Burlington House, Piccadilly, to 14 August.

**Denis Mathews** (drawings of Morocco), Agnew's, Old Bond St., to 13 August.

## FILMS

**National Film Theatre**, South Bank. "Beat—Square—& Cool," off-beat films from independent U.S. studios, with a strong jazz angle. To 14 August.

**Royal Festival Hall**, Sunday films. *The Marriage Of Figaro* 6 p.m., *The Idiot*, 8.30 p.m. Separately bookable. To 11 September (ex. 21 August). (WAT 3191.)

## FESTIVALS

**Devon Festival**, Barnstaple, to 7 August.

**Pitlochry Festival**. Scottish concert, *The Jimmy Shand Show*, 2.30 p.m., 4 August. Nel Oosthout in *St. Joan* (one-woman recital), 2.30 p.m., 11 August.

## EXHIBITIONS

**Regency Exhibition**, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to September.

**Spanish Armour**, Tower of London, to 25 September.

**Ceremonial Robes & Mantles**, Arundel Castle (Mon.-Fri.), to 30 September.

**Son et Lumière**, Gloucester Cathedral, 8 August-24 September.

## GARDENS

**Buscot Park**, Faringdon, Berks, 2-7 p.m., 7 August.

**Sissinghurst Castle**, Cranbrook, Kent, 10 a.m.-7 p.m., **Sissinghurst Place**, 11 a.m.-7 p.m., 6 August.

**Court Lodge**, Lamberhurst, Kent, 2-7 p.m., 7 August.

**Dene Place**, West Horsley, Surrey, 2-7 p.m., 7 August.

## OPEN AIR PLAYS

**Summer Drama Festival**. Plays by Elizabethan & Jacobean authors. Stratford-on-Avon. To 6 August.

**Regent's Park Open Air Theatre**. *Tobias & The Angel*, 7.30 p.m., mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30 p.m. (HUN 0925.)

## THEATRE

*From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 217.*

**Ross**. "... this fine play ... Mr. Rattigan's sense of theatre works unfailingly ... magnificent teamwork." Alec Guinness, Harry Andrews, Anthony Nicholls, Mark Dignam. (Theatre Royal, Haymarket, WHI 9832.)

Colin Davis, newly appointed principal conductor of Sadler's Wells Opera, is conducting *The Magic Flute* at Glyndebourne this month in place of Sir Thomas Beecham, who is ill. The first opera he will conduct for Sadler's Wells is *La Traviata*, which opens the season in October

**A Majority Of One**. "... warmly sentimental tribute ... to the American Jewish momma ... a certain theatrical charm." Robert Morley, Molly Picon. (Phoenix Theatre, TEM 8611.)

## CINEMA

*From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's, see page 218.*

G.R. = General Release

**The Story Of Ruth**. "... a cut above its forerunners ... not flawless ... but at least it's not a crashing bore." Stuart Whitman, Peggy Wood, Elana Eden, Viveca Lindfors. G.R. **Village Of The Damned**. "... a fascinating science-fiction job—quite the most effective film I have yet come across in this genre..." George Sanders, Barbara Shelley, Martin Stephens. (Ritz, GER 1234.)

## GOING PLACES TO EAT



by John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays  
W.B. = Wise to book

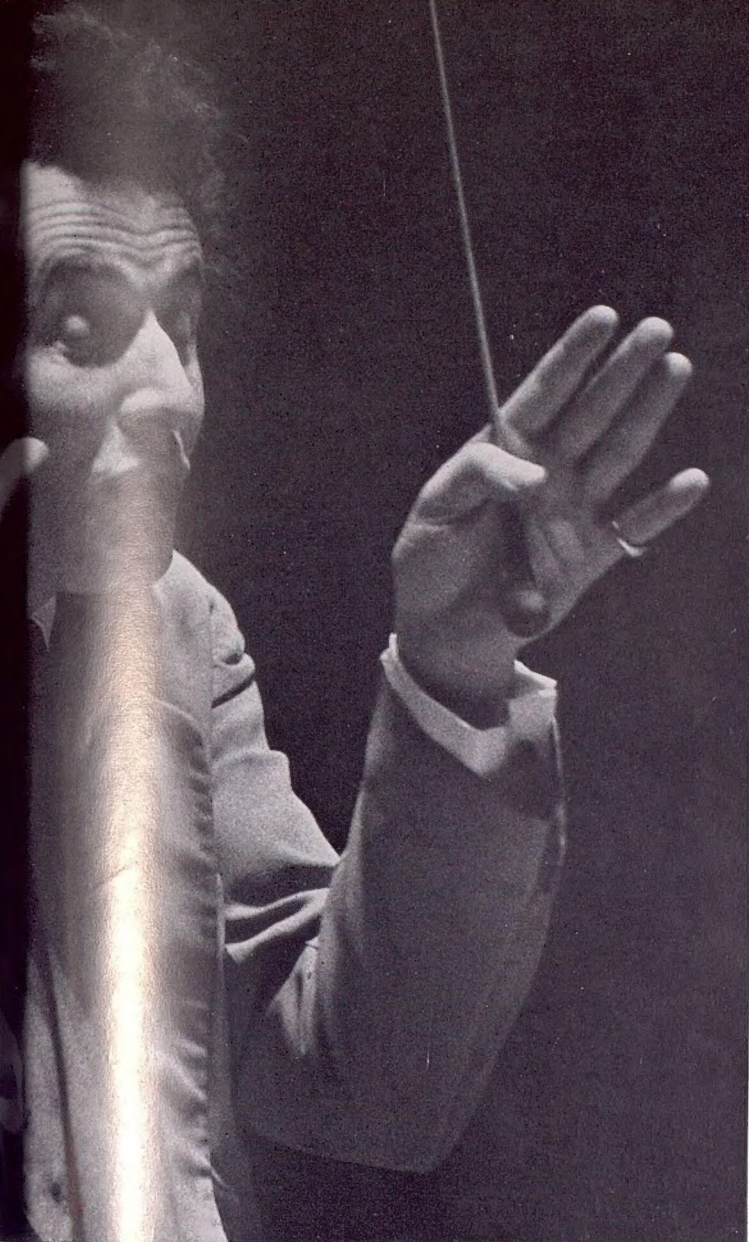
**Wheeler's**, 19 Old Compton Street, W.1. (GER 2706.) C.S. This small restaurant with its modest exterior is now part of a group noted for the high quality of its food, especially fish. It is also internationally famous and I would guess that on a summer's evening more than half of its customers are from overseas. There is a fish bar for people in a hurry. The wines are chosen with skill to match the food. Like the other Wheeler restaurants it bears the hall-mark of Bernard Walsh's experience and good taste. W.B. **The Eaton**, 10 Lower Belgrave Street. (SLO 1415.) C.S. Only a brisk three minutes walk from Victoria Station, but this is by no means its only virtue. Small, but bright and cheerful with varnished walls, chequered tablecloths, and

brightly coloured napkins, it is popular at lunchtime for grills cooked at the back of the room. It has other dishes too and the standard of cooking is sound. The coffee is good. Full licence. A good place for two or more women lunching or dining together.

**Floris**, Brewer Street, off Shaftesbury Avenue. C.S. (GER 5421.) Open 10 a.m.-5.45 p.m. Another restaurant that extends a particular welcome to women. The name Floris is famous for chocolate, pâtisserie and bread. The restaurant, which is Madame Floris's especial care, maintains the same standard. Its guiding principle is specialization.

**Le P'tit Montmartre**, 15 Marylebone Lane, Wigmore Street. (WEL 2092.) Open Sunday evenings. The décor and general make-up is a realistic attempt to reproduce in London the





ERICH AUERBACH

atmosphere of a Montmartre or Left-Bank restaurant. The cooking is considerably better than that found in most Paris restaurants in the same price range. It passes, with honours, the two tests I apply to a French restaurant—the *terrine maison* and the *Boeuf Bourguignon*—and the *sorbet* ices are also excellent, as is the coffee. *W.B.*

**Simpson's Old English Restaurant**, 100 Strand, W.C.2. (TEM 7131.) C.S. For those who like the traditional British "roasts"—beef, saddle of mutton and the like—in generous helpings, this is the place. The meat is carved at your table side, and it is a tradition, long-established, to give the carver sixpence. Simpson's set out to give their customers the best possible English cooking. Very full midday, so it is unwise to be in a hurry. The vegetables are not always up to the standard of the meat. *W.B.*

**The Dorchester**, Park Lane. (MAY 8888.) Restaurant C.S. Grillroom open Sundays. Many internationally famous hotels are content to rest on their past reputations, but the Dorchester moves with the times and public taste. The grillroom menu includes seven different oyster dishes, four ways of doing mussels, and four based on the admirable scallop, and the restaurant menu

recognizes that even visiting film stars and millionaires like a roast rib of Scotch beef or a grilled herring. The *scampi maison* I had was memorable. The wine list is outstanding. *W.B.*

#### When in Brighthelmstone

**Royal Crescent Hotel**, Marine Parade, Brighton. (Tel. 29272-6.) Those aware of the transformation achieved by Robert Lush at the de Vere Hotel in London will be interested to know that he has in hand a similar plan for this one. Changes are apparent already on the ground floor. An hotel for over a century, it is one of Brighton's finer Regency houses, and Canning once lived in part of it. The manager is Ian Johnston, who was at the de Vere.

**Abinger House**—on the sea front—has been known for long as one of the finest of Brighton's many Regency buildings. The catering firm of Edlin's has now turned it into a place of refreshment while restoring much of its original splendour. The public and saloon bars are pleasant, but the gem is the long room upstairs, where there is a grillroom and cold food bar. Sometimes, though, the steaks seem to have travelled too quickly from refrigerator to grill.

## GOING PLACES LATE

by Douglas Sutherland



FOR ALL ITS BOHEMIAN REPUTATION Chelsea used to be a quiet sort of place. If artists held Bacchanalian orgies they did so behind closed doors and by ten o'clock in the evening the King's Road was as quiet as Wigan High Street on a wet Sunday afternoon.

But in recent years the pattern has changed and Chelsea and neighbouring Belgravia now compete with the West End in the catholicity of late night entertainment available to natives and visitors.

Only the Pheasantry, behind its imposing gateway in the King's Road, next to the Classic Cinema, remains to represent the older tradition of Chelsea night life. True René, friend of artists all over the world, has retired, but the new proprietor Mario Cazzani has preserved the original atmosphere of the place. Annigoni goes there and stars like Trevor Howard, Eric Portman and James Mason often drop in to eat spaghetti and drink chianti. Appropriately there is no cabaret but you can dance and quite often visiting celebrities are prevailed on to do a turn. Minor occupational hazard is Cazzani's bull terrier Nina who looks ferocious but takes the eccentricities of the members for the most part with great good nature.

Comparative newcomer is La Rascasse which opened two or three years ago and is an established success. It is tucked away at the corner of quiet Moore Street (opposite the Moore Arms) and presents an anonymous exterior to the outside world. Only a small, illuminated bell-push betrays its presence, but inside all is light and gaiety. You can dance on a packed pocket handkerchief floor to an ever changing variety of guitarists and eat excellent, moderately inexpensive food cooked on an open charcoal grill. The wine list won't break you either. There is a *Rouge and Blanc de la maison* at 12s. and 12s. 6d. respectively and prices run up to a very good *Mersault Charmes* at 23s. 6d.

Then above the Royal Court Theatre, Clement Freud, grandson

of Sigmund Freud, runs a late night dinner-dance club which has a far wider public than the theatre patrons. There is usually a cabaret and plenty of room to dance. Freud professes to dislike publicity which probably means that the membership list is getting full up.

Another club where the *leben-sraum* is becoming increasingly restricted is the Montrose in Montrose Place behind Belgrave Square. It is in the mews on the opposite side of the square to Paddy Kennedy's famous Star Tavern and much patronised by the staffs of the embassies which abound in those parts. Particularly recommended is the Chicken Maryland which even the Americans have been heard to praise.

A night club with the genuine Mayfair accent and no attempt at "local colour" is the older established Jacaranda in Walton Street. The atmosphere is, however, marginally more free and easy and the prices marginally more reasonable.

Strip tease, too, has moved west. The old Torch Theatre, having long ago given up the unequal struggle, has passed through many vicissitudes and now runs continuous strip from 3 in the afternoon until midnight in dignified Wilton Street, just off Knightsbridge.



Paddy Kennedy (right), owner of the Star Tavern in Belgrave Mews. With him: Mr. Desmond O'Donovan





Mont Orgueil Castle, Jersey, across the bay from Fort William

## GOING PLACES ABROAD

by Doone Beal

### Jersey's late joys

IN this first week of August, the beaches of Jersey, like many farther afield, are crowded and the little town of St. Helier seethes with bargain-hunting shoppers, scooping up duty-free watches, cameras, liquor and scent as fast as they can get the notes across the counter. Since that is many people's mental image of Jersey, I have only told you what you already knew. But to my delight and surprise, when I visited this pretty island early in March I found it hot, blue and sunny (while London faced a blizzard)—and, above all, empty. Since the crowds are only there in the peak season and the weather holds good right up to the end of October with a sea temperature of 68 degrees, I can imagine few better places in which to spend a late summer holiday. Indeed, with sunshine hours comparable to the Riviera, Jersey can be considered as an almost constant source of tycoons' weather, and B.E.A.'s 45-minute,

£10 flight from London makes it eminently weekendable.

There are two 18-hole golf courses and one classically perfect beach among many, that at St. Brelade's Bay. Though you can drive across the island in less than an hour, you can lose yourself in the maze of winding, high-banked lanes and, even more pleasurably, in one of the tiny coves that lie buried, usually at the end of an unpromising cart track.

One of the charms of Jersey is its intimacy, its quality of the miniature. Each of its 12 parishes has at least one pub, a church, a cemetery and a constable who keeps the law in his own domain and is not even responsible to the main constabulary of St. Helier. Jersey was invaded by William of Normandy before 1066, but early in the 13th century elected to join the English crown and secede from Normandy. Since that time, a Bailiff, who combines the offices of Chief Magistrate and

Head of State, has been "temporarily" in charge of her affairs. Though owing allegiance to the Queen, Jersey is an autonomous state with its own Parliament and laws—not that anybody seems to break them much. In this comfortable, prosperous little island where even the creamy, dark-eyed cattle enjoy the luxury of waterproof coats, people are more concerned with good food and the price of real-estate.

Jersey is a small-scale continent of contrast, from the two-mile stretch of flat beach (excellent for surf riding) at St. Ouen's Bay on the west coast and the more Mediterranean landscape of St. Brelade's, in the south-west, to the thousand little islets of St. Clements, and the rugged gorse and heather headlands of the north, sheltering three more lovely beaches—Grève de Lecq, Bonne Nuit and Bouley Bay.

Some of the most attractive villages of the island are on the east coast: Rozel, tropically foliaged and sheltered, and the salty little fishing port of Gorey. Only 10 minutes away from the Royal Jersey golf course, Gorey could be a pleasant place at which to stay. A string of charming Regency buildings lines its harbour and includes, among several pubs, a small hotel—the Moorings—which is justly celebrated for its food. Try their *pâté en croute*, the lobster thermidor, or a notable steak, kidney and oyster pudding.

A profusion of butter, cream, cheap liquor and excellent shell

fish all contrive to make Jersey a gastronomic venue in its own right. No Catering and Wages Act applies here, which makes for agreeably long, late dining and a resident population of well-heeled and appreciative gourmets support at least five really good restaurants.

I much enjoyed the Lobster Pot, at L'Etaq, overlooking the sweep of St. Ouen's Bay. It is an Italian establishment with a talent for great comfort in otherwise primitive surroundings. Chianti bottles and bunches of herbs are slung from the ceiling, and they serve a memorable canelloni. At the other end of the bay, high on a rocky headland, is the Chalet Hotel, with Austrian food and attractively decorated private chalets, as well as bedrooms in the hotel itself. It is one of the nicest hotels on the island, and run by Austrians who clearly know their job. Unfortunately for out-of-season visitors, it is closed between October and April. In the town of St. Helier itself the Star puts on an excellent dinner, and so does the more luxurious Revere (one can stay in the latter year-round, as also at the Moorings in Gorey).

The island is also well endowed with pretty, comfortable pubs and bars: the Priory at Devil's Hole, the Harvest Barn in Grand Vaux Valley, and the Moulin de Lecq, with a bar constructed around a somewhat hypnotic water wheel. A car is an essential, and self-drive ones can be hired for as little as a guinea a day, or £9 a week.



**Williams—Kimber:** Antonia, third daughter of Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., & Mrs. Williams, Llys Meirchion, Denbigh, married Timothy, eldest son of Sir Charles Kimber, Bt., and of Mrs. U. R. Kimber, of Littlestone, Kent, at St. Sadwrn's, Henllan, Denbighshire



**McCurry—Burchall:** Jennifer, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. L. McCurry, of Rothley, Leics, married Benjamin, son of Mr. & Mrs. O. Burchall, of Aston Flamville, at St. Leonard's, Swithland



**Brockman—Norris:** Diana, daughter of Col. & Mrs. E. St. J. Brockman, of Guildford, Surrey, married Robin, son of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles & Lady Norris, at St. James's, Piccadilly

**Millington-Drake—di Caracci:** Marie Regina, daughter of Sir Eugen & Lady Effie Millington-Drake, of Rome, married Duca Gaetano Paterno Castello di Caracci, elder son of Duca & Duchessa di Caracci, of Taormina, Sicily, at St. James's, Spanish Place

## Weddings

**Scoones—Robertson and Hilton-Green—Molony** weddings: We regret that in some early editions of the Tatler of 6 July the photographs of these were transposed.

**Miss Sarah Elizabeth Hawkey to Mr. William de Vallieres Frith.** She is the daughter of Sir Roger Hawkey, Bt., and of Mrs. James Austin. He is the son of the late Mr. William Frith, and of Mrs. Frith, of Paget, Bermuda



PEARL FREEMAN

## Engagements



VANDYK

**Miss Mary Ross Stewart to Major I. C. S. Gilchrist-Fisher,** 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. She is the daughter of Capt. & Mrs. R. Ross Stewart, of Droxford, Hampshire. He is the son of Lt.-Col. C. S. Fisher, M.C., and Mrs. Fisher, of Dean, Hampshire



FAYER

**Miss Sarah Anne Hinds Howell to Maj. David Jonathan Cape,** Life Guards. She is the daughter of Mr. C. R. Hinds Howell, of Ennismore Gdns, S.W.7, and the late Mrs. M. Tegner. He is the son of the late Mr. Jonathan Cape, and of the late Mrs. O. V. Cape



WALTER BIRD

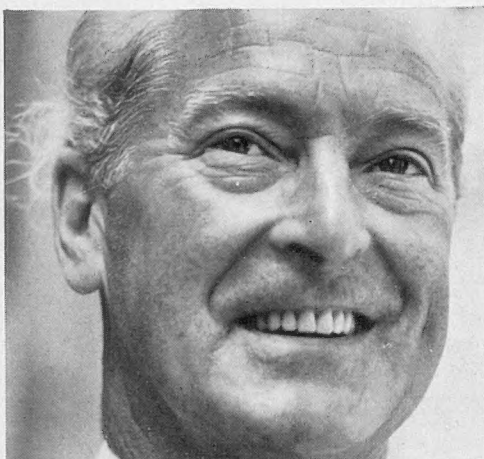
**Miss Caroline Shaw to Mr. John Hew Dalrymple,** The Royal Scots (The Royal Regiment). She is the daughter of the late Lt.-Comdr. R. T. Shaw, R.N., & Mrs. Shaw, of Emperor's Gate, S.W.7. He is the son of Lt.-Col. J. H. Dalrymple, and of Mrs. M. Tennant



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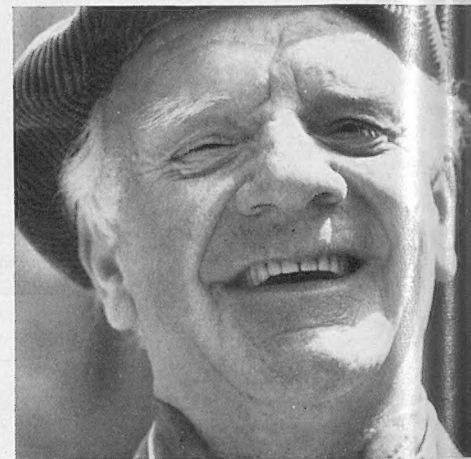
Visas for visitors



Currency for financiers



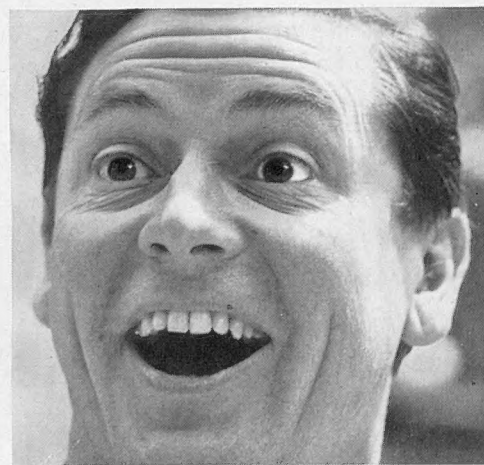
Trips for typists



Hire cars for holidaymakers



Hotels for honeymooners



Stopovers for sightseers



Baggage for families  
or any cargo anywhere

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THE TATLER  
& BYSTANDER  
3 AUGUST 1960



*Rain storms drenched the tarmac at Gatwick when Princess Alexandra greeted King Bhumibol and Queen Sirikit at the start of their two day State Visit. But the sun shone later (though briefly) on Queen Sirikit when she drove in an open carriage from Victoria to Buckingham Palace with Prince Philip. The Queen and King Bhumibol were in a separate carriage. Princess Alexandra met the King and Queen of Thailand in Bangkok last September while returning from her own State Visit to Australia and was chosen to be the first member of the Royal Family to greet them here. Overleaf: The party at Lancaster House.*

## WELCOME IN THE RAIN...







*The Prime Minister and Lady Dorothy Macmillan arrive at Lancaster House for the dinner for the King & Queen of Siam at which Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was host on behalf of the Government*

## ... then pageantry and a party

MURIEL BOWEN reports

**W**HAT A week of pageantry and plain old-fashioned rush for **King Bhumibol of Siam** and **Queen Sirikit**, starting with the ride in the rain by open carriage from Victoria to Buckingham Palace and continuing through a crowded programme of glittering occasions that included a State Banquet given by the Queen, the luncheon at Guildhall, the Government's welcome at Lancaster House, and a ball at Kensington Palace given by the Duchess of Kent.

How does this enchantingly pretty young woman *feel* on these gorgeous and glowing state occasions? I put the question to her during a pre-lunch chat at the Thai Embassy. "I eat so very little at state banquets," she said. "I'm much too nervous, I'm afraid of getting sick. But immediately it's all over I go back to the Embassy and have a big meal—Chinese noodles, and all that."

She looked engagingly slim. But now at the end of her second state visit (the first was to America) the Queen is worried about the way she's losing weight. And she has six months of state visits still to go before she's back in Bangkok. We shall probably remember her best in the iridescent glitter of her Thai national dress. But when I met her she was wearing a suit of palest sky blue, a striking contrast to her sleek black hair.

"I've just been out shopping with Princess Alexandra—records, Mario Lanza for me, and books for the children," she said. "I told Princess Alexandra that I wanted especially to go in bus, upstairs in bus, how do you say it? We were to ride back to the Embassy from Harrods in—top of bus, did you say?—but the photographers came and it didn't happen."

In Bangkok the royal family have three palaces ("the Grand Palace is our St. James's") and a villa by the sea where the four royal children keep their dogs and other animals—though they've no Siamese cat. "Siamese cat came from our country, but now they only happen occasionally," she said, joining herself in the ensuing laughter.

One man who has a Siamese cat in Siam is our splendidly named Ambassador, Sir Richard ("Yes, everybody calls me Dick") Whittington. I met Sir Richard, resplendent in the Thai order of the White Elephant, at the Government reception for King Bhumibol & Queen Sirikit at Lancaster House.

The cat, Snookie, was born in Lincolnshire and was taken to Bangkok

by the Whittingtons. "The extraordinary thing about my husband is that he used not to like cats at all," said Lady Whittington. "I'm the one who introduced cats to the family."

## SPELLING IT OUT

At the Lancaster House reception the state rooms were aglow with jewels, and 10-ft. high banks of rhododendrons in various shades of pink. **The Prime Minister & Lady Dorothy Macmillan** were there, also **Mrs. Reginald Maudling**, **Sir William & Lady Haley**, **Sir Malcolm Stoddart-Scott, M.P.**, & **Lady Stoddart-Scott, Viscount & Viscountess Hambleton** (she wore the loveliest tiara), and **Mr. & Mrs. John Wyndham**—she wore a red dress with a tiara of diamonds and emeralds. There were lots of Thai guests. One asked me about Lancaster House. I could not quite catch her name so she wrote it down. It was, **Princess Churairatana Svasti**. "That's easy compared to some of them," she warned me.

**Sir Malcolm Sargent** had a Hawaiian suntan "The King told me over dinner that symphony orchestras are only beginning in 'Thailand.' Jazz? "He didn't talk about jazz—it was only in America he talked about jazz." Led by Queen Sirikit, interesting women dominated the scene. I asked **Mr. Cuthbert Alport**, Minister of State for Commonwealth Relations, if **Mrs. Bandaranaike**, the new Prime Minister of Ceylon, is likely to be over soon. He told me that the decision lies with her. **Mr. K. Kanagasundram**, the Ceylonese Deputy High Commissioner, standing by his side, was chortling with delight. Said he: "Ceylon has done overnight what Britain in 700 years of constitutional history has yet to achieve. . . ."

## FARMER'S GLORY

The Royal International Horse Show at White City reached its emotional peak when **Mr. David Broome**, the 20-year-old Monmouthshire farmer, won the King George V Gold Cup. So after years on the Continent and in America the Cup is back in Britain—and in Monmouthshire at that—for the first time since **Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn** won it with Foxhunter in 1953.

Mr. Broome and the stylish chestnut Sunsolve (leased to the British



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DESMOND O'NEILL



Sir Edmund Whittington, the U.K. Ambassador to Thailand since 1957



The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Edmund Stockdale, and the Hon. Lady Stockdale



Mrs. Tufton Beamish, wife of the Conservative M.P. for Lewes, Sussex



Mr. Selwyn Lloyd met King Bhumibol and Queen Sirikit as they arrived with their party. The dinner was followed by a reception attended by over 500 people, many of whom were Siamese residents in this country



Mme. Hägglöf, whose husband, the Swedish Ambassador, is doyen of the Diplomatic Corps

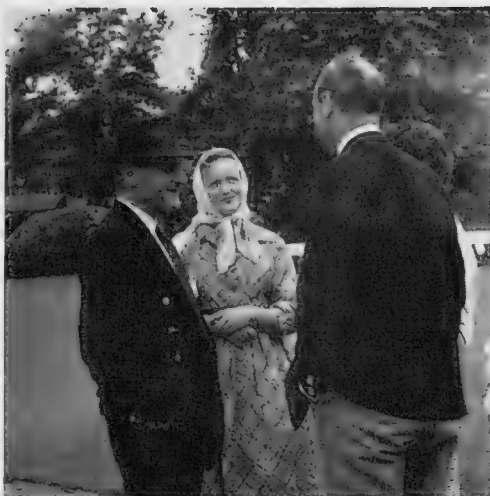


Mr. John Tilney, Conservative M.P. for the Wavertree Division of Liverpool, & Mrs. Tilney



# AMPHIBIOUS

*The Household Brigade took to the boats for their regatta held at the Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead*



# EXERCISES

PHOTOGRAPHS: PHILIP TOWNSEN

*Maj. C. L. St. J. Pelham Burn, Coldstream Guards, his wife, and Maj. & Mrs. P. D. F. Mays*



*Lt.-Col. Mervyn Thursby-Pelham and Capt. M. R. Lee at the start of one of the punting heats. Other events included aquatic tentpegging (centre), won by Capt. F. W. S. Hoplon Scott, Grenadier Guards (foreground), and mop fighting between boats' crews at which the Scots Guards routed the Welsh Guards in a tumultuous and watery final*



*Mr. Hugh Nisbett and Miss F. Bokun (in dark glasses). Spectators' deckchairs lined the river*

*Mr. R. Garcke and Major M. R. Macnish Porter watching from one of the bridges over the Thames*





*Left: Mrs. Vernon Erskine Crum, whose husband is in the Scots Guards, with Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Pirie. Right: Mrs. Cecil Deakin, Mrs. John Vigor and Miss Jane Pearson. Below: A soaking was the order of the day for the final event, the Dongola, won by the Coldstreamers' A team*





MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

Olympic Team by Mr. O. Anderson) are a powerful new combination. Riding the same horse Mr. Broome was the full-back of our team, placed second in the Prince of Wales Cup.

"We've got the best *young* team in the world, but with the exception of Pat Smythe they've only had a year of international experience," Lt.-Col. Llewellyn told me. He, with Lt.-Col. Douglas Stewart and Mr. "Ruby" Holland-Martin, are the selectors for next month's Rome Olympics.

"We've got the best horses available," he continued. "No horse for which we've asked has been denied us for Olympic training."

The Queen went to the show on the first day and presented the Horse and Hound Cup to Mr. George Morris, the American college student who won with Sinjon, a racecourse reject who has since been trained into a top class show jumper.

"The horses we've got are mostly lent us," Mr. Bill Steinkraus, the U.S. team captain told me. "And it's very difficult to get people to lend them, very. Americans are not nearly so internationally minded as you are in this country . . . they feel if the horse only competes in the United States they will see much more of him." In fact the polished performance of the American horses and riders in the show was greatly admired. "We've insisted on being trained in the European cavalry tradition, that's why we've got an ex-Hungarian cavalry officer, Baron de Nementy, as instructor," Mr. Steinkraus said to me. "You see, riding in the United States is considered a rather retrogressive sport. . . ." Even so I learn that almost \$250,000 has been raised, from the one per cent of the population interested in horses, towards the U.S. team.

This being Olympic year jumping dominated the show. There was interest in seeing our own Olympic probables, and also Miss Susan Cohen, the young Hampshire woman who rides with great verve and recently won the European Women's title at Copenhagen.

#### THE TRANSATLANTIC TOUCH

The cocktail dance given by Mr. & Mrs. Paul Wright for the coming out of their daughter, Faith (pictures on page 196), was the only one this season—so far as I recall—over which guests had to lose no sleep. There was no excuse at all for dull eyes the morning after—the dance began at 6.30 p.m. and was all over by 10 p.m. It was at Lord Bossum's house in Carlton Gardens. Though famous for the number and variety of his parties he told me that this was his very first *débutante* dance.

It was planned originally as a dinner-dance. But as Mr. & Mrs. Wright had to leave for Cairo two days later the less exacting cocktail-dance was decided on. And what a nice, fresh touch it gave to entertaining for the young. No tired bits of salmon and tough chicken legs to be chewed over. The young men (after their day's work) appreciated the piping hot chops, chicken livers, and hamburgers straight from the charcoal grill. The Americans (Mrs. Wright is one) are past masters when it comes to this sort of big informal party. An amusing touch was the autograph screen on which all the young people wrote their names



Gold Cup winner Mr. David Broome jumping Wildfire III

## The Gold Cup comes back at WHITE CITY



Miss Susan Cohen, the new European Women's champion



Miss Pat Moss with her veteran show jumper, Danny Boy

with coloured crayons. It was a party gift to Miss Wright from her godfather, Washington architect Mr. David Yerkes. Another transatlantic guest was her half-brother, Mr. John Rathbone, who brought his fiancée Miss Margarita Sanchez.

As far as *débutante* parties go there was one guest extraordinary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary. He dropped in on his way to Buckingham Palace for the Queen's State Banquet. Mrs. Wright has many friends in political life. During the war, when only 31, she became M.P. for the Bodmin division of Cornwall, taking the place of her first husband, Flt/Lieut. John Rathbone who was killed in action. As the Wrights were leaving so soon for Cairo (he's been head of the information policy division of the Foreign Office and is now to be our No. 2 in

#### BRIGGS by Graham







A fresh team for Mr. Sebastian Gilbey's coach. Points were scored for speed of change-over during the coaching race. More pictures by Desmond O'Neill overleaf

Egypt) there were a great many of their own friends as well as Faith's.

They included, **Sir Paul & Lady Gore-Booth** (he's off to Delhi shortly as High Commissioner, a particularly interesting assignment with the Queen's State Visit coming up next year), **Mr. Guy & Lady Violet Benson**, **Mr. & Mrs. Drew Middleton**, **Mrs. John Brodie** who is, of course, the former wife of Lord Bossom, the **Hon. Victor & Mrs. Agar-Robartes**, **Mr. Clive Bosson**, M.P. (illness detained Lady Barbara in the country), **Air Marshal S. C. Elworthy** (shortly off to Aden as C.-in-C.) & **Mrs. Elworthy**, **Mr. Thomas Beale** of the U.S. Embassy, and **Mr. & Mrs. "Archie" Ross**. He's the Assistant Under Secretary at the Foreign Office. And like almost everyone else he, too, is on the move—to Lisbon.

The party must be one of the last at Lord Bossom's house in Carlton Gardens. "I've got to be packed up and out by April," he told me. "The Crown Commissioners who own the house are pulling it down to put up a block of flats, or something." He hopes to get a flat or a small house ("at my age you don't want to get involved in a 90-year lease.")

#### A BALL FOR COASTAL COMMAND

The Services were celebrating last week. **Air Marshal Sir Edward & Lady Chilton** found quite a slice of their evening taken up with hand-shaking at the Summer Ball of the Royal Air Force, Coastal Command, at Northwood, the unpretentious country house where the battle against the U-boat was planned in World War Two. History may have passed the old house by but there's plenty happening in the district still. A couple of days ago **Admiral R. L. Dennison** came specially from the United States to open the vast, new underground nerve centre at Northwood, probably the finest maritime headquarters of the nuclear age. From it, in wartime, can go directives to ships and aircraft in all

parts of the globe, while its 2,000 personnel remain completely insulated from nuclear air attack.

The old house itself clings nostalgically to the past. Round the walls are the pictures of the men who not so long ago bore the proud title of A.O.C.-in-C., Coastal Command—**Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore**, **Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert**, and **Marshal of the R.A.F., Sir John Slessor**. I saw **Rear Admiral Reynold D. Hogle**, the Deputy Commander in Chief, U.S. Naval Forces in Europe, go on a tour of admiration from one picture to the next.

Since the defence changes early in the year Northwood is now also the base of the C.-in-C. Home Fleet. Indeed I thought Coastal Command did **Admiral Sir Wilfrid Woods**, the new C.-in-C., proud by having this dance his very first day at Northwood. The Royal Navy is, I would say, already asserting itself about the place. There was that tidal wave of bunting and colour in the marquees used for supper and dancing. And the dance tunes, too, had something of a naval air—some had as ear-piercing a shriek as a bosun's pipe.

Coastal Command are wonderful hosts and I had the pleasure of meeting a great many people. **Air Marshal Sir Edmund & Lady Hudleston** were there, also **Air/Cdre. & Mrs. W. I. C. Inness**, **W/Cdr. R. A. R. Poole** who is running the new auxiliary unit (No. 1 County of Hertford), **S/Ldr. & Mrs. Charles Beresford**, and **G/Capt. & Mrs. Robert Burwell**. Others there were **Air Marshal Sir Hector & Lady McGregor**, **Rear-Admiral & Mrs. J. B. Frewen**, and **G/Capt. & Mrs. J. R. Armitstead**, over from Ballykelly in Northern Ireland. There's no doubt that, however exacting their professional duties, the Command can put on an excellent ball in their spare time. The "night club" *Chez Gaston*, would have been a credit to professional decorators. I'm glad that **Sir Edward Chilton** told me to be sure not to miss it.



# THE WHITE CITY CONTINUED



*Mr. E. Hartkopf, of the Argentine show-jumping team, befriends a hound that broke from the pack during the parade of Belvoir hounds*



*Lt.-Col. Carlos Delia, the Argentine show jumper, Miss Pat Smythe and Senor Pedro Mayorga, chef d'équipe of the Argentine jumping team*



*Mrs. B. H. Mellor's Ashroyd Mystic Gleam, winner of the Harness Horse Championship Stakes*



*Mrs. Sanders Watney, whose husband drove in the coaching match, and Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian*

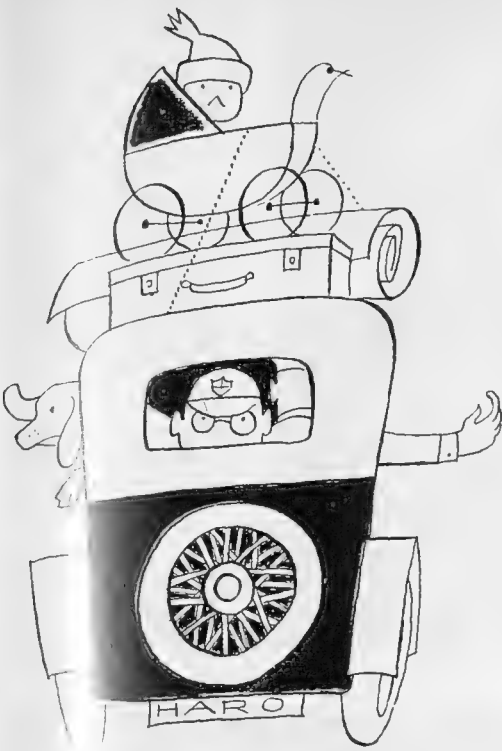


*Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, a well-known rider in the show ring, and Sir John Pascoe*

*Mrs. L. Rook, wife of the former Olympic horse-trials rider, and Lt.-Col. R. H. L. Brackenbury*







# TENSION

# FOR

# TWO—in a car

BY MARY MACPHERSON

IT IS SURPRISING to me that the Minister of Transport, being a married man himself, has overlooked the biggest single danger in Bank Holiday traffic. This is the fact that in most cars there is a husband accompanied by his wife. This is a situation so fraught with risk, so electric with difficulties, that it seems strange that Mr. Marples has not banned the whole erratic arrangement out of hand.

It is a well-known fact that bad temper is a great accident causer, and never does together-

ness seem such a separate thing as when a married couple find themselves in a car. While husbands and wives find it easy to agree on the simple fact of using the car to take them and their luggage from here to there, their methods of conducting this plan are so different that it is startling to me that anybody ever arrives anywhere. It is as though a scientist engaged in studying the problems of space travel should find himself working in harness with someone who has just conceived, in a blinding flash of illumination, the idea of the horseless carriage.

To start with, there is this purely male idea of getting up early to avoid the rush. All over the country on Saturday morning there will be glum scenes at half-past five, as the whine of fretful children is half-heartedly quietened by even more fretful and whiny wives. "We will drive through the night and watch the dawn breaking" sounds romantic and adventurous until you come to realize (a) that you will be driving through the night bumper to bumper with other romantic and adventurous fools, and (b) the dawn does not tend to come up like thunder over the North Circular Road, which will be about as far as you have managed to get.

Besides being eager to get up early, it is also the husband who delays the start immeasurably while he packs things away in the car. Most wives feel that a car is to put things in, and it doesn't make much odds where you put them. It is difficult not to be proud of one's sex when one sees the lighthearted way in which everything is stowed away in a matter of minutes by the average woman. All she ever insists on, is that the carrier bag with the milk in it is kept upright.

What a pitifully simple request this is compared to the pomp and pother with which a man packs away one suitcase and a camera, four assorted bags of food and the 10 pieces of luggage without which it appears impossible to take a two-year-old child to the end of the road and back. Husbands regard it as an insult to their manhood, efficiency, and general know-how if everything does not fit into the boot. Place so much as a packet of face-tissues on the back seat, and every item has to be taken out again and laid on the pavement with muttered accompaniment. "What's in this then? . . . what are you taking that for? . . . why haven't we got a cot that takes apart like other people? . . . how was I to know the milk was in there?"

Once on the open road, as it is still wistfully known, the atmosphere of gloom, distress and outright rebellion begins to make itself felt. While (in theory) husbands rather like the idea of their wives driving, in practice there is always some good reason why *theirs* are the hands that remain obstinately glued to the wheel. A woman may be an expert enough driver to enter for the Monte Carlo Rally, taking in her casual stride snow-storms, Alpine passes and reckless rivals, but when the time comes she will certainly not be considered fit to tackle the uncharted terrors of the London to Brighton road. This means that the rôle

of map-reader, in my opinion one of the most degrading and humiliating activities that any human being can take part in, falls to the wife. The moment she has a map in her hand the average woman, normally considered an intelligent enough piece of goods, is immediately treated as a retarded imbecile who can't tell her left from her right, is flustered by abstruse signs such as "roundabout ahead," and is cunningly determined to transport the whole party to exactly the opposite part of England from their destination. "We take the next fork left." "Left? Are you sure? We're going to the East coast, aren't we? Left is west, isn't it?" "Yes, but after going left we turn right at the roundabout." "Well, I'm going right now—I don't see how we could possibly go left." And half an hour later it is the wife who has to approach the oldest man in the village and wheedle out of him directions on how to reach the Southend road.

All this stress is a great appetite-sharpener, and brings one to the eating arrangements, possibly the most virulent temper-raisers on weekend driving trips. Husbands vary in this, but they tend to run to one of two extremes. One is either expected to eat on the wing, as it were ("Can't spare the time to stop"), handing out coffee at 70 miles an hour (a way of absorbing nourishment which for its discomfort, terror and lack of amenities can only have been surpassed by a luncheon engagement with the Inquisition), or else the car is stopped in a lay-by, table and chairs are brought out, and such a performance is made out of the cold meat and dingy-limp lettuce that one feels it is not complete without a waiter hovering obsequiously out of the boot, chafing dish to hand.

Since it is difficult, on the face of it, to see how Mr. Marples can prevent husbands and wives driving together if they choose, I suggest he concentrates on the one aspect that causes more trouble than almost any other. There are certain phrases a wife can use (and often does, wilfully) which tend to turn an amiable, pleasant husband into something resembling a creature that has just lurched and snarled its way out of primeval slime on the next step to evolution. These, in the interest of everybody on the road, are better left as bitter thoughts.

A chorus which ranges from "Did you happen to notice if I put out that cigarette I had in the kitchen?" through "Try the choke" and "No wonder she keeps stalling—you've got the hand-brake on" to the grand climax of "Only a fool would overtake here . . . what did I tell you?" hangs in a dank cloud over all the main roads of Britain on holiday weekends.

I suggest that to combat this Mr. Marples's experts set to work on a little phrasebook full of comforting sentences guaranteed to turn the man at the wheel into a lovable, your-right-of-way-old-chap kind of driver.

I can't say I envy them their task, though. I've been a passenger-wife for five years, and I've never thought of one.



# COCKTAILS AT CARLTON GARDENS

*Lord Bossom lent his house for  
Miss Faith Wright's coming-out*

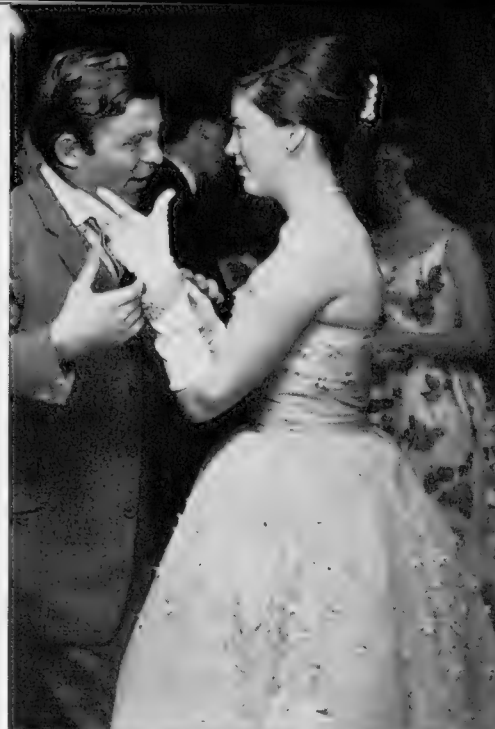
*Miss Deborah Walker-Smith, Miss Pamela Savill & Mr. David Buchan of Auchmacoy*



*Mr. Christopher H. Hunt sketched on the screen that guests signed, watched by Miss Nicky Trethowan*



*Mr. & Mrs. Derek Walker-Smith*



PHOTOS: A. V. SWAEBE

*Mr. Michael Radford with Miss Faith Wright, whose dance it was*



*Mr. Sekeym Lloyd and Sir John Maud, the U.K. High Commissioner in South Africa*

*Miss Amanda Vincent and Miss Sally Raphael*



## HOLIDAY READING

# THE WARM TIDES OF HUMANITY

*by Honor Tracy*

IT WAS PAST MIDNIGHT AND DODGE WAS STILL TALKING. DODGE TALKED in a kind of flow without apparently having to draw breath. In his long sensitive fingers he held a tumbler of brandy. How many evenings we have spent in this way! But tonight there was disapproval all over the clever, interesting face. "No man is an island," he croaked. Well, I knew that.

Dodge is one of my best friends. I had decided to go and live on a tiny island off the east coast. What irritated the lucid mind of Dodge was not so much my deciding on this as my not being able to tell him why. There was a good reason always hovering at the back of my mind but I could never pin it down. Simply, I felt with every fibre of my being that I had to go. *Le coeur a ses raisons*—but Dodge soon put a stop to that. No one but he was allowed to quote in French.

"What you fail to realize is," he said gravely at last, heaving himself to his feet, "that the conscious desires are diametrically opposed to the subconscious ones. When the conscious says, 'Live on an island,' the subconscious is saying, 'Integrate more fully with your environment.' Give me a pound, will you, to get me home."

It always costs a pound to get Dodge home, from anywhere.

"Oh you and Gauguin, darling, how tiresome people are!" MacGregor wailed. MacGregor is one of my dearest friends. It had all been done *before* and I needn't think he was coming all that way to do the place up; no more of MacGregor's Lilac and Silver for me, if *that's* how it was.

Edward called it escapism and Jinks called it masochism and Cosmo put it down to crypto-Puritanism. Dilly said she understood perfectly. Christina of course gave me hell.

Christina is one of my oldest friends. At the art school she had been spoken of as brilliant but she did not go on with her painting afterwards. If she had, she would have been far better than I. She would have been somewhere in Picasso's class and working in that kind of style. In fact it may well have been Picasso getting in like that and doing what Christina would have wanted to do that inhibited her from doing anything at all. But although she did not paint she was a marvellous critic. What I lost through her in self-confidence I more than gained in the awareness of my limitations; and thereby, as Goethe says, reveals himself the Master.

At the art school we had been fairly thick. Then Christina married and for a long time I hardly saw her although she lived only a few streets away. The next thing was—I forget the details—but the man behaved abominably, in a way no redhead could possibly endure, and Christina bobbed up again. She was an intellectual as well as an artist, with a mind as clear as Dodge's and even more tenacious.

"Don't sit there saying you don't know why," she called out. I was painting the scene from the window of her library and she was lying on the floor of her sitting-room across the passage with the Boxer in her arms. "Be rational. Tell me one desirable thing about this island. The first that comes into your mind."

"Oh, yes," I began and stopped, thank Heaven, in time. I had been about to say there was no telephone.

"You see, you can't," she said in the jeering voice she often used on me.

The scene before me was of a sooty chapel on the corner with a bright green patch of grass, a magnolia just breaking into flower and a Wayside Pulpit board with the message "Love Your Enemies." Love your enemies, indeed, I thought, busy with my brush: I can't really stand my friends. "We must walk before we can run," I muttered out loud and laughed.

"Talking to yourself again," Christina jeered.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



## THE WARM TIDES OF HUMANITY *continued*

Christina loves to make merry over my odd little ways. She has some of her own but we do not refer to them. She dyes her hair, for instance, she is really a brunette and the bright red colour comes out of a bottle. This is nothing in itself but Christina behaves as if it were real. After a tantrum she will say, "Oh dear, we redheads!" and any chores about the place usually have to be done by someone else because like so many of her colouring she is a martyr to rheumatism.

"Cracky old thing!" she called to me now. She went on talking in a very sweet and gentle voice. Christina can be as sweet as pie. It is usually when she is with somebody new, or when she wants something, but it can also be when people are in trouble or pain. If only I could be bankrupt or crippled I do believe we should get on famously.

"What did you say?" I asked hopefully.

"I'm talking to Bubbles," she replied. Bubbles was the Boxer.

"Oh." I put in a few magnolia buds. "Why is it cracky to talk to oneself but not to a Boxer?" I inquired presently. "With oneself at least one can follow what is said."

"Oh, is it that sort of mood today?" Redheads easily take offence.

I went on painting and thinking about the island. It was a bare hundred yards across and in times gone by had been joined to the mainland. Only two cottages were left on it, one that I was going to buy and live in and one just a very beautiful ruin. All along the coast the sand was clean and white and the water dividing the island from the shore was the green of apple orchards in early leaf. There was no ferry, of course, you rowed yourself out in an ancient dinghy and pulled it out of the sea and left it there with the oars stuck in the rowlocks. . . .

"Are you in a trance?" Christina was shouting angrily.

"I thought you were talking to Bubbles," I pleaded.

"Would I ask Bubbles about his work?"

God only knows, I thought, but aloud I said, "Well, what about my work?"

"What shall you paint on this wonderful island of yours, eh?"

"I'll find things," I told her.

"Don't you think you'll just sit there getting more and more precious and etiolated?" Plainly this was what she thought herself. "Won't you miss the warm tides of humanity surging about you?"

That was Christina all over. If I had perpetrated anything like "the warm tides of humanity" my life would not have been worth living for years to come. Every so often she would feel inclined for a serious talk about Life or something of the sort and then she'd egg me on and be ah so sympathetic and responsive until I'd said something or other profound and heartfelt and ridiculous that she could tuck away in her brain and throw up at me noon and night. And here she was coming out with "the warm tides of humanity"! And I daren't say anything because redheads are frightfully sensitive.

"No, I don't think I will."

From one window of the cottage you saw an expanse of white beach with the orange of a gravelly cliff behind it and crowning this the brilliant green turf, the yellow gorse, the spire of the Minster looming far off in a blue haze. I stopped painting magnolia buds and composed the beach in my head, with a single human figure—Christina's—in the foreground, looking about her for the dinghy to bring her across to me. The dinghy was safe on my side of the water, drawn out of it with the oars rested against my cottage wall: this picture seemed in a curious way to compose itself. I chuckled.

"There you go! She's cracky, Bubbles."

Dodge was always afraid of my getting too fond of him. He had this fear about all the women he knew. He spent Fridays in my flat, writing his article for *Cathedral*, because it was so peaceful. It was as quiet as the British Museum, he said, and one could smoke into the bargain. All

day long he was shouting at me to bring him coffee, benzedrine, the Bible in Greek or the Iliad in German. Constantly he tore sheets from his typewriter with a rending sound and hurled them on the floor. He felt entirely at his ease but dreaded to think of my reading more into the arrangement than he wished.

"I can say things to you," he remarked, when it had been going on for five or six Fridays. "I wouldn't want you to go falling in love with me. There!" He then suggested a little drink, in a happy released kind of way. I had to send out for a bottle of something because he couldn't abide what there was.

Dodge gave the impression of being wrapped up in himself and yet he thought about others too. He went all the way, busy as he was, from Chelsea to Hampstead to ask Dilly to talk to me as woman to woman. In his concern for my future happiness he forgot to bring any money for the taxi, Dilly said. Dilly had been very lovely once and nowadays went in for understanding people.

She came and sat there with her back to the light, smiling the helpful smile that greeted all her friend's misfortunes from a laddered stocking to cancer. "Poor Dodge," she said. "He thinks it is all his fault."

She was talking about the island.

"It is nobody's fault," I said, drily, because I was getting tired of all this.

"My dear, of course not. These things happen. But is there any point in running away?"

"Dilly, I am running to things, not away from them."

"I understand," she said warmly. "Tell me," now she grew all cheerful and therapeutic, "about your lovely island."

"White, green, gold, blue. Sky, water. Peace," I said.

Dilly looked dreamily into space and heaved a little sigh. "I know," she murmured. "But sooner or later you will have to face up, don't you think? And Dodge. . . ."

Dilly's utter lack of brain is what everyone likes her for but it has its inconvenience. Noting the dull despair in my face she leaned forward now and put a hand on my knee.

"I have opened a wound," she said, in the low hoarse voice she keeps for special moments. "Forgive me! Tell me more. What do you see when you look out of your cottage on the island?"

"Well, among other things, a very beautiful ruin," I told her.

"O . . . o . . . oh!" Dilly said. She leaned back in her chair and the corners of her mouth drew down. She burst into tears. "Go on, rub it in!" she sobbed.

"Dilly, my dear. I didn't mean. . . ."

"People always say they didn't mean what they said," Dilly wept. "The things they say are just what they do mean." She was reading Miss Compton-Burnett at this period of her life and it confused her amazingly. "You'll tell me you were only joking in a moment. No one is ever only joking."

When I see the chaos produced by Literature, I am glad I paint. I went into the matter of the island and the ruin very carefully and kindly and in the end Dilly grasped it. She had one last little cry out of empathy with the ruin and dried her great blue eyes. Then I asked her to come out to the Purple Vine because MacGregor had borrowed my flat to give a party.

This sounds as if I were not invited but I was, I was going out because of what happened the last time MacGregor gave a party there. He has to give parties in my flat, he says, so that friends and possible clients can see the lilac and silver. He talks like a struggling genius although he's got half of south-west London in lilac and silver already and the rest in Vaseline and black. Dilly and I went to the Purple Vine and there we saw Jinks on his way to MacGregor's party, which was a bad business



because I'd told a tissue of lies about why I couldn't come. Jinks said why wasn't I on my island. He asked if I'd like him to come as a paying guest for the summer, and my "no" shot out so fast my conscious and subconscious minds must have been pulling together for once. I made him swear not to tell MacGregor he'd seen me.

Dilly had some beer and talked about her life on the stage, living it all again. But all said and done, she concluded hoarsely, what grander thing could a woman do than give meaning and purpose to the life of a man? Dilly is fond of making statements like this, that sound general and aren't. She will say something about Woman and Man and Purpose and all the time she means she got tired of small parts in repertory and married that rich boring Jack. It is all right when you know but people who don't get into trouble because out of politeness they say something about Woman and Man themselves, and Dilly thinks she is being heckled which makes her cry.

Often on a spring morning the whole of the North Sea is a light apple green with a single deep purple bar along the horizon. On sunny days it is an intense delphinium blue and sparkles as if a million gold tops were spinning over the water. The sand is hot and dry to lie on but if you dig your fingers down it is cold, heavenly cold.

"You're not listening to me," Dilly moaned.

"Yes, I am."

"I said," she repeated hoarsely, "what grander thing can a woman do than give meaning and purpose to the life of a man?"

"Nothing," I told her.

Jinks came back to say MacGregor was furious, but *furious*, I was too sickening. This was the end, and could he borrow a teeny weeny bottle of gin. Then he went away.

Dilly said I don't mind her asking but was it true that I had started taking drugs, as Cosmo told everyone? I said no, and she was relieved. Far be it from her to open a wound but drugs were not the answer. Don't mind her asking, but was Christina really a Lesbian, as Cosmo was making out? She didn't look like one, but then neither did Gertie, you never could tell. And after all who were we to judge others and after all—as she had said to Jack only the other day—how can anything in Nature be unnatural?

I said my impression was that Christina cared for no one but her Boxer.

"A boxer!" Dilly's beautiful eyes grew wide. There was a terrible amount of violence everywhere, didn't I think. Jack said that all the trouble began in the home. Oh, but of course I meant that Bubbles. Ha, ha, I was funny, I was only joking. I reminded her that no one was ever only joking and she said it didn't do to be morbid. Would I like to go back to supper with her, Jack had a Masonic dinner, I needed taking out of myself, didn't I think.

A pale handsome boy with bristly hair sat down beside us. He was dressed like a workman, if the workman got his boiler suits in Savile Row.

"Did you know, the police won't go into a private house to stop a fracas unless the owner asks them?" he began.

This kind of thing happens frequently in the Purple Vine. Total strangers loom up in the mist and ask if fish feel pain or can you read Wittgenstein. The boy went on to tell us that it surprised him rather because in his experience—his limited experience—it was much easier to get the police in anywhere than to get those same police out again. Next he ordered us both a drink, thus proving himself a stranger in the land. We all had a cosy chat about the London police and how you couldn't park a car for two minutes but let somebody slit your throat in a foggy lane and then just you whistle for that fine body of men. Dilly said Jack said they were getting a poor type of man nowadays. Presently MacGregor rushed in.

"Hamish you hound!" he panted to the boy with the bristly hair. "All quiet again, no thanks to *you*." He sank into a chair and smoothed his curls with a shaking hand. "Bother *you*, darling," he remarked pettishly to me. "I'm just another little old *temperamentsvoll* German Jew, I suppose, and there the dews rise up to meet a morn of gold. I know, I know, *ma vieille*, and it's all been done *before*." As a rule MacGregor says that Rupert Brooke is the *only* poet. "Blood everywhere, too dull for words," he added.

He was in a nervous condition. Gradually I was able to piece the story together. He had met some wonderfully witty foreign sailors in a Soho pub the night before and had invited them all to come and see the lilac and silver. There had been, on my premises, the fight of all time, knifing, gouging, kneeing, my dear the *lot*! the neighbours had telephoned to the police, the police had said they would enter the flat only at my request unless it was Murder, Hamish was sent to bring me from the Purple Vine to deal with the police and placate the neighbours. I laughed with delight to think of so much going on. With one foot as it were already on the island I felt joyous and remote. I ordered drinks for us all, large ones, and sat there smiling and loving people, MacGregor, Dilly, the bristly boy, the unknown ones drinking and smoking all round. There was a humming in my head and I had a curious sense of being both present and very far away. And suddenly there came a moment of intense illumination: at last I knew why I wanted the island so much and why I had to go there, in spite of the privations, the solitude and the cruel grief of parting from friends such as these all about me now. In the next moment the light was all gone again, lost, forgotten, expunged.

Early one of those mornings Christina telephoned. "I have been worrying," she said balefully. Christina likes to be rung up every day and it was over a week since I had done so. We had gone down to Brighton one Sunday because Bubbles looked as if he needed a change of air and while we were walking on the pier I began, for no reason, to imagine a scene with Cosmo trying to push Christina off the pier into the sea. It sounds silly but it made me laugh. Much as she hated to ask, Christina said with relish, had I thought of consulting a psychiatrist? She knew of a very good one, if so, very human and reassuring. A lot of her friends had been to him. This made me laugh again and she refused to speak all the way home.

"I was afraid you were ill," she said now in the same dire tone. Then her manner changed and in the light teasing way she had when she was 'only joking' she said: "This will never be forgotten, you know."

I did know. There are men still living, I reflected, who can remember a time when the word "Mother" was never spoken without a metaphorical raising of hats by all present. Then the analysts went to work. Why cannot friendship now be considered in the same spirit of grave and exact inquiry?

"Anyhow, Bubbles," Christina continued lightly and musically, "she doesn't care for us. She has a lovely island to go to."

This brought me down to the agonizing world of things. "I haven't any island," I said. "There was a letter this morning."

"No island?" Christina mocked. "Who says so?"

"The authorities." I was unable to keep a tremor from my voice. "It's some red tape about sanitation."

"You mean to tell me you didn't go into all that before anything else?"

"No, I didn't," I said, licking up a tear as it passed the corner of my mouth, "I never thought of it."

There was a pause.

"Cracky old thing," Christina said, so softly, so kindly and gently that only then did I seem to realize the whole of my tribulation.









TROMPE L'OEIL, fairytale and fantasy characterized the art of Rex Whistler whose work has had the largest single influence on contemporary English murals. This is the first panel of his Pursuit of Rare Meats painted for the refreshment room at the Tate. An Arts Council exhibition of his work (including two murals) opens at the Victoria & Albert Museum in October coinciding with the publication of a new Whistler book by his brother Lawrence, the artist and poet

# MURALS MAKE A COMEBACK

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEWIS MORLEY

PROGRESS REPORT: ALAN ROBERTS

NO ONE NEEDS TO BE TOLD BY ME THAT DURING THE PAST DECADE OR SO the art of the mural painter has reached a wider public. The growing demand started as a natural reaction to the drabness of the war years when all of us hungered, albeit unconsciously, for colour and a little gaiety in our surroundings. It developed revolutionary proportions after 1951 when the Festival of Britain gave the man-in-the-street a keyhole view of what the future might be like. That future, so far as decoration was concerned, was not long coming. Progressive architects in increasing numbers began to incorporate mural paintings as integral parts of the new schools, factories, office buildings, churches and public houses. In the entrances to Government offices (even at the Income Tax collector's in Uxbridge) walls began to take on the new look. "Vile walls" everywhere were being transformed into "sweet and lovely walls" and soon, with the coffee-bar boom, mural artists, good, bad and terrible, were hard pressed to keep up with the determination of each new Espresso emperor to outdo the next.

Now the revival—revolution rather—is spreading farther afield. It is moving on to walls where the potential demand for the painter's art is greater than that of all the others put together—the walls of the Englishman's castle. So far this new development may be confined to a few mansions and Mayfair flats, to the homes of the opulent and of those few who can afford to, and do, put art high among the necessities of life. But I believe it is inevitable that it will ultimately spread in some form (heaven protect us from do-it-yourself murals) to less ambitious homes. After all, the prerequisites for a mural are few and simple. All you need is (1) a wall or walls, (2) an artist and (3) the money to pay him. For the time being I shall take (1) and (3) for granted and concern myself with (2).

It is unlikely that anybody hankering after a mural will have a particular artist in mind, apart perhaps from being enamoured of the work of some established artist—a Graham Sutherland or a John Merton. Usually he will have only a vague idea of what he wants and no clue at all to finding the artist who can execute it. It is for such people, as well as for the architects to whom its members originally looked for patronage, that the Society of Mural Painters exists. For, unlike most societies, especially societies of artists, the S.M.P. is a highly professional, useful, helpful and practical organisation. Among its fifty or sixty members are such artists as John Piper, Felix Topolski, Ivon Hitchens and Gilbert Spencer, R.A. Among its aims are the maintenance of high standards of work and the establishment of a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 203

18TH CENTURY decor of Mrs. Nina da Ponte's Belgravia home is complemented by Timothy Whidbourne's 20 foot mural. She is seated before it with her daughter Sarah. The mural is part of an overall scheme by Whidbourne, already represented by glass panelled doors on the left which he designed, and soon to be completed by a painted ceiling in the florid manner of Versailles. Whidbourne, a pupil and friend of Annigoni who has influenced his style, was educated at Stowe, the school whose buildings first inspired Rex Whistler to draw architecture









WINDOWLESS ROOM—it is the demonstration kitchen at Masius & Fergusson, the advertising agency in St. James's Square—was brightened with a mural of 19th-century houses by Terri Hamaton who works as a visualizer for the firm. Hamaton, who describes his art as "decorative," would like to paint a mural based on a specially written story. He feels that two imaginations can often combine happily as in the case of Rex Whistler and Edith Olivier in *The Pursuit of Rare Meats*

BASEMENT WINDOWS look out on an impression of lightness and space in a landscape mural painted by Leningrad-born Kosta Yezhinsky for writer Peter Alexander. The mural covers the wall of an enclosed courtyard or patio facing Mr. Alexander's flat in Eaton Square. Yezhinsky, well-known as a painter and illustrator, has produced a number of domestic murals—among them an *Adam and Eve Scene* for a friend's bathroom and a three-wall decoration for the *Scherezade Club*

## MURALS MAKE A COMEBACK *continued*

basis for determining rates of pay satisfactory to both artist and patron.

Naturally artists of the calibre of those named will command higher prices than less well-known painters. But whoever the artist may be it can be assumed that his fees for painting a mural will always seem reasonable when compared with the prices he puts on his easel pictures. This rough guide is supplied by the Society to potential customers:

Up to 50 square feet	—	£5 per square foot
50 to 200 square feet	—	£4 per square foot
Over 200 square feet	—	£3 10s. per square foot

These figures will be varied not only by the choice of artist, but by many other factors, the most important of all being the technique employed. Modern materials have greatly increased the number of techniques available for use by mural artists. There is no need now to have the wall replastered piecemeal so that the artist can do his fresco on the wet plaster (anyway you might be hard put to it to find anyone who can use this ancient method nowadays—apart from Ithell Colquhoun of the Society of Mural Painters). Nor is there any need to fear that the artist will move into the house and stay until Christmas. Even the painter in tempera (a classic method of painting which gives an unrivalled finish and in which egg yolk is the medium) will, like the oil painter, work on wood or hardboard panels in his studio and deliver the whole thing prefabricated.

Most people think of murals only in terms of painting, but other methods of decorating, some new, some ancient revivals, can be very effective. In the big stores, coffee bars, hotels and restaurants all over the

CONTINUED OVERLEAF







ALCOVE and cupboard doors of a house in Lowndes Square were painted by Sidney Smith (seen reflected in the large wall mirror). He included a trompe l'oeil simulated plaster plaque (upper right) illustrating music and art and the various interests of his patron. Mr. Smith, a portraitist, is devoting more of his time to murals. He finds that most patrons use them to convey an impression of space and also to stamp their own personality on a room even though the artist may have a free hand in the actual painting of the subject

MURALS  
MAKE A  
COMEBACK *concluded*

country you may see examples of *sgraffito* (in which the design is scratched upon the plaster surface, revealing the colours of second or third layers of plaster underneath), or of mosaic and ceramic decoration, of print and photo murals, of designs embedded in plastic, engraved on glass, enamelled on metal or built up with metal itself.

The potential patron should look at as many of them as possible before making up his mind. Try to understand the special qualities and limitations of each technique. Try to visualize or, better still, to feel the effect the mural is to have. Try to live with it in imagination for a while (and then, when the artist is chosen, the patron will be able to share with him part of the creative process).

VENETIAN scene in the 18th-century manner with the Palladian Villa Rotunda as its main focal point was executed by John Hughes-Hallett for the home of Mrs. K. M. Boag in Montagu Square. The wall facing the stairs is also painted to give extra space to an otherwise confined area. Mr. Hughes-Hallett divides his time between portraits and murals. He has also painted the only known portrait of Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones





TECHNIQUE often employed by John Spencer-Churchill is to paint a mural in his studio at Adam & Eve Mews and install it in the patron's house on completion. He is seen before a recently commissioned work. Above his head is a replica of the carved and painted frieze from the Marlborough Pavilion at Chartwell which he executed for the 75th birthday of his uncle, Sir Winston. Mr. Spencer-Churchill has painted murals for many years. Among his patrons: Loelia Duchess of Westminster and the late Earl Lloyd-George

In these days of smaller rooms there is understandably a prejudice in favour of *trompe l'oeil* painting, which can give an illusion of greater space by making a room appear to open on to a classical landscape, a terraced garden, a quayside with seascape. As a feature of a lyrical decoration *trompe l'oeil* can be delightful, as Rex Whistler showed in those glorious acres of canvas, painted for a mere £500, in what is now the Tate Gallery's restaurant. But if used primarily for its space-increasing trick it is usually too intrusive and inevitably becomes irritating in time.

A mural painting, says Eric Newton, the soundest, sanest and simplest of art-critics, must never say, "Admire me!" And I think he is right. A mural, abstract or realistic, that demands to be admired all the time is certain to prove as tiresome as a woman who demands the same thing. And, like the woman, it will probably drive its erstwhile lover to thoughts, if not acts, of violence before long.

So I do not think I can do better than paraphrase Mr. Newton's excellent advice to potential patrons of the mural art:

"Make up your mind what you want your enclosed space (room) to mean. Find the man who has been trained to make meaning visible. Tell him your meaning as clearly as you can but don't try to tell him what to do. Leave it to him and you are likely to be delighted at getting more than you hoped for and not just contented with getting just what you had in mind."

FINAL PANEL of the Whistler mural at the Tate depicts the end of a chase that has covered 60' x 30' of wall space and a whole dream landscape of rolling country through which the hunters pursue zebra and unicorn by bicycle, horse and chariot





## LORD KILBRACKEN

## Rendezvous for hippophiles

**I**n Ireland, as August approaches, the casual parting remark, "See you at the Show!" requires no more specific qualification. There are shows of a kind, it's true, most weeks of the Irish summer; from the straw-chewing cattle show in a green-and-grey village to the Kennel Club's Dog Show (principally famous because, until this year, it's been the only place in Dublin where a dry man can get a legal drink on St. Patrick's Day).

But *the Show*, just like that, unqualified and unadorned, can only mean one thing: the five-day Horse Show of the Royal Dublin Society (known, just as simply, as *the Society*) that opened yesterday at Ball's Bridge, a leafy Dublin suburb. Nor is it ever necessary to specify a rendezvous; infallibly, somewhere, sometime, in the unexplained way in which these things happen in Ireland, you *will* run into your friend, along with a million others, in the course of the week's activities.

It might be under the lime trees beside the show rings, surrounded by brass bands and Balenciaga, or in the beflowered jumping enclosure, surrounded by Guards' moustaches and rough tweeds; at any of the pink-coated hunt balls, where the bubbly flows all night like snuff at a wake; among the wild-eyed London debs and their chinless London escorts on their annual bread-throwing invasion of Dublin, or on a sunshiny evening at the Phoenix Park races (more brass bands, binoculars and parasols) hoping to win the week's expenses on a filly of Paddy Prendergast's or a colt of Seamus McGrath's.

For it is all this—not only the Horse Show itself—which goes to constitute the one week of the year when Dublin fully awakens from her deep Gaelic slumber and celebrates with such vigour that the hangover lasts till Christmas. In Horse Show Week, everything happens at once—an *embarras des richesses* after months of ennui. Up for the week from Killegar, I invariably find

myself regretting that each day has no more than 24 hours (three or four of which, on average, must be prodigally wasted in sleep) as I gallop from dawn to dawn from one party to the next, from race meeting to yacht club to diplomatic reception, from pub to Georgian mansion.

And indeed it has sometimes happened that I have woken bleary-eyed on the pale Sunday evening and realized, with no more than a twinge of dutiful remorse, that the Horse Show itself is the week's one function which I have never quite found the time to attend—what with the Galway Blazers' Ball, the Horse Shoe house party (as it is always known) at Luggala in the Wicklow mountains, and other such charming distractions.

There were few such social trimmings when the first Dublin Horse Show was held, 92 years ago. "The stone wall was a five-foot-ten jump in cold blood, off wet sawdust in a small, crowded courtyard"—such was the contemporary report in the staid *Farmers' Gazette*. The courtyard in question was in the grounds of Leinster House, then the regal home of the Dukes of Leinster, subsequently the headquarters of The Society, till it was acquired by the newly-created state in 1924 to be the seat of Ireland's Parliament, Dail Eireann, as it still is today. It was then that the R.D.S. moved out to Ball's Bridge, and built the present impressive show-grounds, covering more than 60 acres. More than 100,000 hippophiles pass through the turnstiles every Horse Show week. For the jumping, for the judging, for the sales; to see and to be seen.

At the bloodstock sales, a discreet wink or nod may bring you a "real Ball's Bridge bargain." Year after year, horses bought cheaply at one of the Ball's Bridge sales have made racing history. Eight Grand National winners were sold there; so was the legendary Brown Jack; so was Hard Ridden, winner of

the 1958 Derby, bought by Sir Victor Sassoon for less than £400. Meantime, in the four trim show rings, a thousand thoroughbreds, hunters, cobs, and ponies are being judged—the prizes are nothing, the prestige everything. But the principal interest each day, inevitably centres on the jumping.

It's the toughest, most testing circuit in the tough show-jumping world. Other shows with stone wall jumps have painted replicas, but Ball's Bridge has the real thing, grey skulls of rock from Connemara that knock sparks from the hooves of an untidy jumper. Five-barred gates, the water, uncompromising thorns; all the obstacles are faithfully reproduced which the hell-for-leather Irish horsemen (or horsewomen) have learnt to take in their stride when riding to hounds. And the most feared of all—unique to Dublin—is the great double bank, where the horse must imperceptibly pause on top to change feet before plunging down—or so it must seem to the tyro—to a distant green valley on the opposite side.

Round the great arena, like Romans at a gladiatorial combat, the tens of thousands gather day after day. The international contest for the Aga Khan trophy, disputed by four-horse teams from half-a-dozen countries, is the week's main event both for pageantry and horsemanship, with saffron-kilted pipers—fanfares of trumpets—the President (alias Dev)—silence on the stands as each national anthem is played—and then silence again as each rider tackles the course, to be broken by a roar of applause, held in check, understandingly, till the last jump has been cleared.

The famous and infamous will all be in Dublin this week; the horsemen and the horse-thieves, the beggars and the blue-bloods, the well-heeled farmers from Royal Meath and the bogmen from Mayo-God-help-us. By Sunday all will have departed; and Dublin, once again, can return to its easy twilight.

## CONCERTS, COLLATIONS AND CELEBRATIONS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DESMOND RUSSELL

*Midsummer is past and the concert season comes round again. Collations are served for evenings that glitter, though autumn is near, and celebrations are always in order. There's a ready-made dress for each occasion—initial suggestions follow*

**S**UDDENLY autumn gleams in burnished golds, and lamés, for short, wearable evening dresses. Frank Usher's dress on the left is graced with a firmly moulded, strapless bodice. From Derry and Toms, W.8; Chanal, Leeds; John Moses, Newcastle. Price 18 gns. The gold, self-pattern, lamé dress, with its matching, mandarin coat, is by Christian Dior (London) Ltd.; sleeveless, cut with a chemise top, and a long torso line fitted loosely to a low waist. The coat is collarless, with wide, three-quarter length sleeves. Both obtainable from Harrods, S.W.1





CONCERTS, COLLATIONS & CELEBRATIONS *continued*

**T**his two-piece ensemble—for theatre or restaurant—is in a heavy silk satin, printed with a damson and black design. The wide belted, strapless sheath, and the high necked, matching coat, are both by Jean Allen. Jenny Fischer's hat, of black satin bows, topped by organza roses, gives added height, essential to this season's elegance. Dress and coat at Peter Jones, Sloane Square; Nora Bradley, Belfast; County Clothes, Cheltenham. Price: 53½ gns. Pearl and blue crystal jewellery by Vendôme, from Bourne & Hollingsworth, W.I.



**R**ED is the colour for cutting a dash. It is used for the silk fringing that completely covers this sheath—a dress to be worn on its own, as a short evening frock, or with an enormous skirt worn over it. The overskirt is anklelength, in ottoman silk, again in red. It is worn here as a cloak, a good idea for concertgoers far from home. A Frank Usher model, at Derry & Toms, W.8; Chanal, Leeds; Vogue, Cambridge. Price: 18 gns. Rhinestone and pearl jewellery by Vendôme, at Fior, Burlington Gardens, W.1. Festival Hall concerts recommence 18 Sept.









CONCERTS, COLLATIONS & CELEBRATIONS *continued*

**G**OING WELL, in the way of all good trends, is the little black dress. There's an accent, too, on rich fabrics in sombre, glowing colours. Black and luxurious is this velvet, sleeveless sheath. The back dips low, is square cut, and deftly finished with a small satin bow. Black fox trims the hem. By London Town, 22½ gns. at Fortnum and Mason, W.1; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. More black bows complete the snood, in black mesh veiling from Jenny Fischer, Motcomb Street. Ear-rings, by Vendôme, from Fior, Burlington Gardens, W.1

**B**RIGHT thoughts for autumn fashions, bright thoughts of any kind should always be celebrated. And here's a good dress to celebrate in. Susan Small make it in aubergine, French silk jersey, sleeveless, with a deep V-neck, and a finely draped bodice. It can be bought at Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, and at County Clothes, of Cheltenham and Bristol. Price 17½ gns. The ear-rings by Vendôme can be bought at Marshall and Snelgrove, W.1. Wear this at festivals; the Edinburgh International August 21, the Three Choirs on September 4



CONCERTS, COLLATIONS & CELEBRATIONS *concluded*

**G**ORUSCATING crystal, for the Vendôme choker (*left*) with its deep, graduated "bib." It can be bought in various sizes from Harrods, Knightsbridge; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Carmichael's, Hull. Prices from 7½ to 15 gns. While hair becomes shorter this autumn, it is still to be high on the head. The whole focal point stays high, in fact, and the latest jewellery follows suit. The dog-collar (*right*), with golden crystals, is also by Vendôme. From Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1; Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames; Rackhams, Birmingham. Price: 5½ gns.





**N**EATLY tailored elegance for evening in festive white and gold. This sleeveless white wool jersey sheath with rounded neckline was designed by Anne Fogarty of New York for Horrockses. The middy jacket is of gold Lurex mesh, mounted on and edged with the same white jersey as the dress. The dress and jacket are at Chanelle, Knightsbridge; Dalys, Glasgow; Bobbie's Fashion Shop, Sudbury. Price: 15½ gns.—but not until early September. Vendôme's massed pearl and golden crystal choker at Barkers, Kensington, 7½ gns.



THE new mantelpiece for the Priestley pipe is in an 18th century (part Regency) house at Alveston just four miles from Stratford-on-Avon, but far enough out to put it off the beaten track during the summer tourish rush. J. B. Priestley and his archaeologist wife Jacquetta Hawkes moved to the village on the banks of the Avon six months ago after selling up their home in the Isle of Wight. Their first step was to rename the property Kissing Tree House (after Kissing Tree lane which runs nearby, the Kissing Tree itself no longer stands). They made no structural alterations, enough seems to have been done earlier in the century by a previous owner who turned the back of the house into the front and vice-versa. The house is filled with furniture and belongings collected on the far-ranging Priestley travels. Over the mantelpiece hangs a painting by Lorjou, regarded by the Priestleys as one of the best living French painters—they have another of his pictures at their apartment in

PHOTOGRAPHS: MARK GERSON

## *A new mantelpiece for the Priestley pipe*



Albany. Retirement to Alveston is in no sense a retirement from public and political life in both of which Priestley has figured controversially. Born in Bradford 66 years ago, he is probably entering the most active period of a busy life. His recent energies were chiefly devoted to the monumental *Literature and Western Man*, published last spring, but he has also written a new period comedy *The Pavilion of the Masks* (already produced abroad) which he hopes to have presented in London soon. In addition he has recently completed the screenplay of Mordecai Roshwald's anti-nuclear novel *Level Seven* and is currently correcting an essay-lecture on Falstaff. His support of the Nuclear Disarmament Group—an article a few years back helped found the movement—invited the gibe that he had deserted the stage and the novel for politics, but a more familiar Priestley may shortly be expected to emerge—the atmosphere of Alveston has given him the urge to write again on the “time” theme that brought him West End success in a whole series of plays in the 30s.





*Proud owner J. B. Priestley at the gates of his new home. Proud gardener (above, left) Jacquetta Hawkes trims geranium blooms growing in an ornamental pedestal*

*The mantelpiece and the Priestleys. The painting of the fish is by Lorjou*



# COUNTER SPY

## gives washing a whirl

ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD

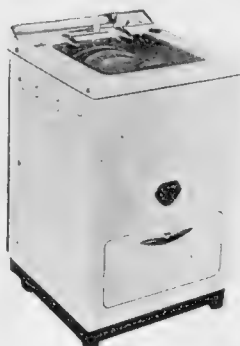
MICROFILM: DON JARVIS



FULLY AUTOMATIC, the new English Electric Liberator has a choice of six washing programmes. When the dial has been turned to select the right type of washing for a particular fabric

(for instance, white and colour-

fast collons and linens), the machine is turned on. It then heats the water, washes, rinses (up to four times), spin-dries and switches itself off. In the case of synthetic or minimum-iron fabrics the spin-drying is cut out altogether to prevent creasing. Clothes are loaded through the front window and washing time depends on type of fabric—between half to 1½ hours. The knob on the window is removable to prevent interference by children. Price: 105 gns., castor base 5 gns. extra. From leading stores and electricity showrooms



TWO-WAY DRUM in the compact Brunlec T5R de Luxe makes sure that clothes are washed and rinsed without tangling and that there is no vibration. The machine is semi-automatic (you have to switch from one operation to the next)

and it can boil, tumbler-wash,

rinse and spin-dry all in about 40 minutes. Washing is loaded through the lid, which is heat-resisting and has a safety device to switch the machine off automatically should the lid open. A 2½ kW. immersion heater is tucked away in a cupboard at the base and maintains heat thermostatically once the dial has been turned to the required degree. For best results load from 6 to 10 lbs. of washing. Price: 97 gns. complete with hose, tap adaptor and pump hose. From the Army & Navy Stores, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1



TWO COMPARTMENTS, one for washing and rinsing, the other for spin-drying, make up the G.E.C.

Double-Plus. A 3 kW. heater (not thermostatic) heats the water—to boiling point, if necessary—and washing is done by dual pulsators. A time clock

on the centre dial front controls washing time. When the clothes have been washed and rinsed, they are loaded into the tubular drum spin-dryer. As both compartments can work simultaneously, the next lot of clothes can be washed at the same time. The machine is compact and easy to move about. Price: 79½ gns. A special table top (in red, blue or cream) can be put over the lid of the laundry machine for extra working space, price: £3 5s. From Heals, Tottenham Court Road, and all branches of the John Lewis Partnership

BUILT-IN washing machine and clothes dryer by Westinghouse (not illustrated) are exclusive to Harrods. Both machines, unlike the three above which work on the hose and tap principle, must be attached to the main plumbing system and become part of the kitchen unit. The Laundromat has a "wash programme selector," the ideal way of laundering every sort of fabric. This machine is fully automatic, even weighing the clothes before washing them. The electric clothes dryer, also automatic, has a 5 kW. heater and a regulator that can iron-dry clothes or, in the case of blankets, dry and air ready for putting away. Washing machine and dryer can be fitted neatly side by side in your kitchen by Harrods, who will estimate cost of instalment. The Laundromat costs £178 10s. and the clothes dryer £134 0s. 4d.

## Intelligence Report

Probably more abuse is hurled at laundries than any other service for the benefit of the housewife. It may be justified in some cases but there are laundries that give good service and take trouble to help you. Prices vary, but on the whole you must pay for best results. The Wigmore Laundry has recently increased its already high standard of efficiency by installing a special 24-hour answering service (SHEPHERDS Bush 4575) so that orders can be dealt with by their vans early in the day. There is an express service of either 24 or 48 hours and all transport has been fitted with radio telephones. Their normal service is a weekly collect and delivery service, their work a mixture of machine-finish and some hand-ironing. The vans cover London as far out as Edgware and Wembley. Price examples: shirts from 2s. 4d., sheets from 1s. 3d. Express service extra.

St. James Modern Laundry (THORNTON Heath 3411) do a weekly collect-and-deliver service for private customers in the West End and south London. Their Blue Riband service is an express 48-hour one, operated by their agents, the Gloucester Valet Service, W.2, Bernard's Valet Service, W.C.2, and their own office at

84 Waterloo Road (the last two collect and deliver). This service carries a 25 per cent extra charge. Standard service prices: shirts from 1s. 2d., sheets from 10d.

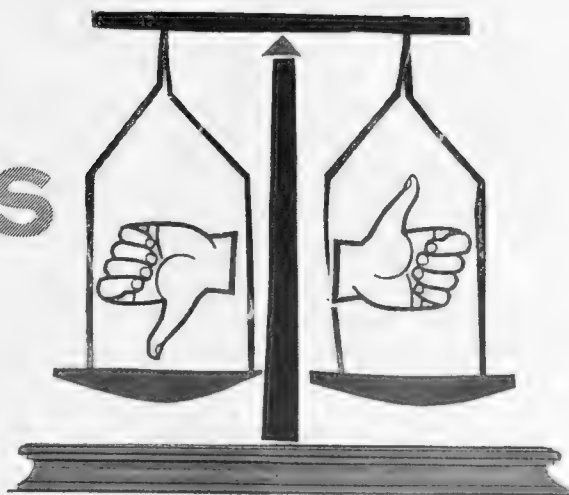
The White Knight Laundry (LADBROKE 2204) have a standard weekly collection and delivery service and only do an express three-day one for their regular customers. Delivery area is north, north-west and west London. Price examples: shirts from 1s. 4d., sheets from 10d. These three laundries can all deal with non- or semi-permanent residents in London.

The Mayfair Laundry (ACO 3041) cannot (at the moment at any rate) deal with non-permanent residents. For regular customers, they have a standard weekly service, as well as an express one of 24 to 48 hours, for which 25 per cent extra is charged. The Mayfair Laundry vans operate in Knightsbridge, Mayfair, Chelsea and towards the St. John's Wood area. They specialize in fragile clothing.

Some laundries do repairs, special blanket and other services; and it is a good plan to find out exactly what services are provided. If you have a precious heirloom which needs laundering and you cannot think how to have it done, get in

touch with Miss Ellis, The Institute of British Launderers, 16-17 Lancaster Gate, W.2, who can arrange with a laundry to have it specially dealt with. Alternatively, you can post it to the Express Hand Laundry, 168 Earl's Court Road, S.W.5, who specialize in the care of heirlooms and fine linen. Their work is hand-done all through and running repairs are carried out if necessary, and each article is carefully folded in lots of tissue and put in Cellophane to keep it fresh. In this way cotton dresses sent in for a final laundering before the winter can be taken out fresh to wear the next summer. Their express service is fantastic—a "same day," or 24-hour service, collected and delivered. But they must be rung up before 10 a.m. In special cases, if you ring at lunchtime, you can send the laundry down by taxi and it will be returned fresh that evening. Extra charges are 25 per cent for the one-day express, 50 per cent for the same-day service. Heirlooms or any work posted should be registered. The laundry is run by the Hopkins family, who maintain that this is a "Rolls-Royce Service" and therefore not cheap: standard price for a shirt is from 4s. 6d. They can only collect in the West End.

# VERDICTS



*The play* **The Taming Of The Shrew.** Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre. (Peggy Ashcroft, Elizabeth Sellars, Peter O'Toole, Patrick Wymark, Jack MacGowran.)

*The films* **The Apartment.** Director Billy Wilder. (Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, Fred MacMurray, Ray Walston, Edie Adams.)  
**Ice Palace.** Director Vincent Sherman. (Richard Burton, Robert Ryan, Martha Hyer, Carolyn Jones, Ray Danton, Jim Backus.)  
**The Adventures Of Huckleberry Finn.** Director Michael Curtiz. (Tony Randall, Eddie Hodges, Archie Moore, Mickey Haugnessy.)  
**Lake Mine Mink.** Director Robert Asher. (Athene Seyler, Jerry-Thomas, Hattie Jacques, Billie Whitelaw.)

*The books* **A Nursery In The Nineties,** by Eleanor Farjeon. (Oxford, 30s.)  
**The Paper Wall,** by Ira Morris. (Chatto & Windus, 16s.)  
**The Gamesters,** by Peter de Polnay. (W. H. Allen, 15s.)  
**The Clown,** by Alfred Kern. (Collins, 21s.)  
**Enemy Of Rome,** by Leonard Cotterell. (Evans, 21s.)  
**South Of Lisbon,** by Frank Huggett. (Gollancz, 21s.)  
**Dragonflies,** by Philip S. Corbet, Cynthia Longfield & N. Moore. (Collins, £2 2s.)

*The records* **I Remember Clifford,** by Clifford Brown.  
**Personal Appearance,** by Sonny Stitt.  
**Taylor Made Piano,** by Billy Taylor.  
**Modern Jazz,** by Bernard Peiffer.

*The galleries* **Summer Exhibition, 1960.** Redfern Gallery.  
**Masters Of Modern Art.** Marlborough Gallery.

## THEATRE



way of brilliantly justifying her whims. Her view of Katherina is that of a headstrong girl with a loving heart. She is a girl of spirit and she is waiting for a man of spirit and an even stronger will than her own to get the better of her. Beneath her indulged wilfulness and violence of temper there is a wish to be subdued and she is willing to suffer stoically in the process of subjugation.

Dame Peggy does not spare the shrewishness and in the throes of her

to her she is the least rebellious of subjects. She has been in love with Petruchio all along and recognizes clearly that he is only playing the bully. She waits patiently for him to play out his part, and when the time comes sees to it that the reconciliation is a true reconciliation of temperament. There is no suggestion that Katherina in her sermon is slyly laughing at the man who supposes that he has mastered her. Dame Peggy, in a performance which wonderfully conceals its own

## Dame Peggy's artful shrew

ONE OF THE CHOICEST PLEASURES open to the wandering playgoer this summer is to be found at Stratford where Dame Peggy Ashcroft plays the termagant heroine of **The Taming of the Shrew.** The experience is deliciously touched with surprise.

It is reasonable to expect that Shakespeare's least sympathetic play—to our way of thinking—will be presented as a racy, boisterous Elizabethan farce. That is the usual treatment; and its advantage is that it spares us the necessity of thinking. The story of the wooing, wedding and taming of a shrew by a man of stronger will than her own then comes over to us comfortably as a high-spirited exploitation of the age-long humour of strange bedfellows.

While we give ourselves up to broad, easy laughter we are under no temptation to consider the affair in terms of social and ethical problems. There is a great deal to be said for this customary way of dealing with a joke that, looked at too curiously, can easily become too much for modern nerves. It can be

argued that Shakespeare's interest in the shrew and her tamer is just sufficient to keep their scenes from slipping into downright farce. This argument is by no means easy to sustain with an easy conscience. The piece obviously is much nearer in spirit to farce than to comedy, and where it comes to rough horse-play, riotous animal spirits, whip-cracking, stamping, what-ho!-ing and squeaking we can remember that in such matters farce has its special rights and privileges and settle down to the game wholly untroubled by feminist scruples.

But theoretical cases in the theatre depend on circumstances. With an actress who sees Katherina as a magnificent animal and has the splendid audacity to "behave as sich" the case for playing **The Taming of the Shrew** as plain farce is unexceptionable. Introduce on to the scene Dame Peggy Ashcroft and the case is altered. Her wish to play a part which she had never played before may be called a whim in the sense that she is not naturally at ease in the rough and tumble of farce. But she is an actress who has a



COSTUME DESIGNS by Alix Stone for **The Taming of the Shrew** from the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre booklet for the current season

ordeal she is indeed a woebegone, bedraggled figure, but the beauty of her playing is that she is alive, sometimes almost pathetically so, to every move in the game. She learns her own strength, but once superior strength has revealed itself

art, has contrived to tame racy, boisterous farce into rather touching sentimental comedy.

The whole production is designed to assist her. Mr. Peter O'Toole is a gentleman posing as a virtuoso in shrew-taming. He uses no whip, he



shows no particle of ill humour and invites the audience more or less openly to mask at every turn the humour of the virtuosity. Mr. John Barton's problem as producer is to arrange the atmosphere of comedy so the leading actors may flourish. To this end he makes much of the fact that the play we are witnessing is being acted by strolling players for the entertainment of a drunken tinker.

Mr. Jack MacGowran's Christopher Sly is enabled, by borrowings from an earlier play, *The Taming*

*of a Shrew*, to intervene in the action from time to time and at the close to depart for home determined to put Petruchio's method into practice. So we get a detailed comic picture of strolling players at work, and the curious thing is that this quasi-antiquarian spectacle should have the effect of throwing emphasis on what is comedic in the play at the expense of what is roughly farcical. Which indicates the success of the production as the framework for two delightful individual performances.

## CINEMA

*Elspeth Grant*



## Ethicswise, the end

ENTERTAINMENTWISE, MR. BILLY Wilder's film, *The Apartment*, is O.K. by me—and Al at Lloyd's, too, I shouldn't wonder, though it did leave me with the impression that the American insurance executive is, ethicswise, the end. The moral tone prevailing in the insurance company where dear Mr. Jack Lemmon works as a clerk is distinctly low: there is not a middle-aged, married man in the upper income group who is faithful to his wife—and every female employee is regarded by these greying wolves as their rightful prey.

Even Mr. Lemmon, though not a member of the pack, cannot be described as above reproach, for, in his burning desire for promotion, he aids and abets his superiors in their deplorable behaviour. He has a cosy, two-roomed bachelor apartment, the key to which is regularly borrowed by four executive types so that they can entertain their current girl-friends in complete privacy.

This puts Mr. Lemmon to considerable inconvenience and earns

him the reputation, among his neighbours, of a rip-roaring Casanova—for who's to know that the constant stream of women visitors to the place has nothing to do with him, personally? Actually he's rather a shy chap and interested in only one woman—adorable Miss Shirley MacLaine, a lift-girl with whom he is secretly in love.

Mr. Lemmon is one day summoned to the presence of Mr. Fred MacMurray, the company's boss, who, it transpires, knows all about the goings-on at Mr. Lemmon's apartment—and, if you please, would himself like to borrow the key as he, too, has a girl-friend (as well as a wife and three children). Mr. Lemmon is, of course, more than willing to oblige—though perhaps he would not have been had he known that the girl-friend is Miss MacLaine.

The discovery that she is blights Mr. Lemmon's lonely life. He is promoted to a panelled office and given the key to the executive washroom (the equivalent, in American business circles, of the

accolade) but finds this poor consolation for a broken heart.

Miss MacLaine sincerely loves old smoothly Mr. MacMurray and innocently believes he will divorce his wife and marry her. She is appalled to learn from his secretary (wonderfully catty Miss Edie Adams) that she is only one of a long line of sillies whom he has seduced and, in despair, she attempts to commit suicide in their love-nest—the apartment which she does not know belongs to Mr. Lemmon. He comes home in the nick of time to save her life.

Mr. MacMurray, who wants no scandal, is grateful, but there's a callousness about his attitude to the whole affair that disgusts Mr. Lemmon (and me, too). The ending may not come as a surprise but is, anyway, eminently satisfactory. I think you will enjoy this film as much as I did.

I doubt if anybody will really enjoy *Ice Palace*—an interminable affair set in Alaska, the land of *The Savage Innocents* which, one gathers, in the course of the past 40 years has become overrun with savage sophisticates.

Mr. Richard Burton comes to Alaska as a penniless young man with a chip on his shoulder—and in due course becomes an enormously rich old man, with chips on both shoulders. In his progress to multi-millionairehood he betrays Mr. Robert Ryan, the one man who befriended him in his youth, jilts Miss Carolyn Jones to contract a loveless marriage for money with Miss Martha Hyer, deprives the salmon fishers who were his mates of their livelihood, and dabbles underhandedly in politics in an attempt to prevent Alaska from becoming one of the United States—as U.S. legislation would deprive him of his canning monopoly or

make him liable for income tax, or something.

The character, never exactly likeable, becomes positively detestable as the film plods on—and I cannot for a second believe in the noble gesture with which Mr. Burton is supposed ultimately to redeem himself. The scenery, I must allow, is very fine and the Technicolor photography beautiful.

Mr. Tony Randall is billed as the star of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*—which should give you some idea of how the story has been pulled out of true, for Mr. Randall could not possibly play Huck, who is by rights the leading character. He plays, in fact, the glib reprobate who calls himself the King of France and will pose as anything, including an English clergyman, to turn a dishonest penny.

He and his henchman, "the Duke of Bilgewater" (Mr. Mickey Shaughnessy), nudge Huckleberry Finn (Master Eddie Hodges) and his friend Jim (Mr. Archie Moore), the runaway negro slave, into back seats—and while their goings-on are admittedly often hilarious, they don't help the film to live up to its title. The fierce feud between two hot-blooded Southern families has been reduced to a single comedy sequence—and the endearingly naïve arguments between Huck and Jim have been omitted entirely. Sad, I thought.

*Make Mine Mink* is a modest little farce about a darling old Dame (Miss Athene Seyler) who, with her paying-guests, embarks on a career of crime—stealing expensive furs to raise money for her pet charities. Mr. Terry-Thomas and the Misses Hattie Jacques and Billie Whitelaw are among those laughably involved.

## BOOKS

*Siriol Hugh-Jones*



## The nursery nineties

I HAVE LOVED THE BOOKS OF Eleanor Farjeon for so long (and some of them have now become puzzles of memory—I have, for instance, no word for it but my own that she did in fact write the magical novel *Fair At St. James's* for which I have hunted for more than 20 years) that I cannot now imagine how I missed the first appearance of *A Nursery in the Nineties*, now given a new edition. This adorable, leisurely, rambling and infinitely gentle book is about the childhood

of the talented Farjeon children, the family games they played, what they read and wrote, how they went to see Irving and Ellen Terry, the songs they sang, how they loved their parents, how they were happy. At a time when happy childhoods are strictly out of fashion, this may seem like reading about some long-dead civilization, but it is all the same a powerful tonic.

I am devoted to this book, which contains much that is irresistible.



CARELESS TALK at the office party by Miss Olsen (right) the boss's old flame (Edie Adams) warns his present interest Fran Kubelik (Shirley MacLaine) that the skids may already be under her. Taking an agonized interest in the conversation is Fran's admirer (Jack Lemmon). From *The Apartment*

memorable including the peerless extract from Harry Farjeon's infant diary that read, with classic brevity and accuracy, "Got up. Felt sick. Had a Banna. Was sick." which is narrative at its purest and best. It may seem a small point, but I should also like to raise a cheer for a book so admirably produced with lavish margins, good clear print and no overcrowding. (Neither does the point escape me that all this is only obtainable at a price.)

**The Paper Wall**, by Ira Morris, is a story of a Left-wing American professor who has weakened under unofficial questioning during the MacCarthy investigations and half-betrayed a friend. Burdened and crippled by the unspoken guilt, he takes a sabbatical year with his wife (a painter so good, beautiful, sensitive and understanding, not to mention uncomplaining that I found her a lump of pill to swallow) in Japan to teach classes at a university.

The background is intelligent and informative, the local colour persuasive, but the guilty liberal—who comes to a violent end—seemed to me damply dispiriting and roused in me a powerful urge to abandon him to his gloomy anxieties. It is a fine thing in its way in fiction, but sometimes I unreasonable feel I have had as stiff a dose as I can comfortably manage in recent novels, and would eagerly welcome some more bracing theme.

Documentary novels are always soothing, so when the characters begin to part there is always the solid information to carry you through. Those who are interested in gambling should read Peter de Polnay's **The Gamblers**, a too-long but hypnotic novel which almost persuaded me I had a faint glimmering of what the passion was all about. As tireless circus fans should mull slowly through Alfred Kern's **The Clown**, which takes 300-odd closely-packed pages to tell you enough about circuses to last a lifetime (which is for me maybe a touch too much) in the Europe of Kaisers and Tsars. It is translated from the French by

Gerard Hopkins and has the prettiest jacket I have seen in months.

When sometimes entertaining brief, faithless thoughts of the possibilities of deserting my hero Napoleon—even perfect devotion has its moments of disillusion—I have pondered in a treacherous manner of going over to Hannibal, who is, I suspect, the hero-image now coming into fashion. Leonard Cotterell, author of **Enemy of Rome**, followed Hannibal's tracks for 4,000 miles in six weeks (but in a 1½-ton Austin bus without elephants). The result is an account that is always interesting but never quite incandescent, which is what I greedily hoped for. Maybe the remarkable ladies Mary Renault and Marguerite Yourcenar could do something for Hannibal in the way of passionate reconstitution: in the meantime, this is a rewarding and tenacious book.

**Briefly . . .** I found Frank Huggett's **South of Lisbon** a superbly fresh, intelligent and persuasive book on southern Portugal, engrossing right from its first deeply disenchanted sentence "Crammed up against the window of a first-class compartment of the Sud-Express, I peered out with fascinated horror at this desolate region of Portugal, so different from the gay, warm, abandoned South I had imagined." That is the real teeth-gritting tone of voice every sated travel-reader longs to hear . . . Though dragonflies have hitherto been a closed book to me without my being actually nagged by this deficiency, I am astonished to reveal that **Dragonflies**, by Philip S. Corbet, Cynthia Longfield and N. W. Moore is wildly fascinating and (to me at least) deeply peculiar.

I am haunted, not altogether agreeably, by a photograph of stage three of emergence, where an adult dragonfly is behaving in the unnerving manner of those dogged contortionists one used to see at the London Palladium ("In 1953 about nine per cent of the emergence group died due to injuries sustained in this stage," and who could wonder).



## RECORDS

Gerald  
Lascelles

### Trumpets sound for Clifford

JAZZ HAS BEEN ROBBED OF MANY budding stars in their heyday, but few died as young as Clifford Brown, aged 25, in a car accident. This exciting trumpeter moved in the right circles for the last three years of his life, working with Tadd Dameron, Hampton, Art Blakey, and finally with Max Roach. His famous memorial album, **I remember Clifford** (MMC14041) went out of catalogue when the Mercury label was transferred from Pye to E.M.I., who have at last seen fit to reissue it. The opening tracks disclose the tremendous rapport between Clifford and Sonny Rollins, whose tenor blends uncannily with the trumpet lead.

Pianist Richie Powell, younger brother of the famous Bud, also shines on this session; he too perished in the same tragic accident. Who knows what heights of inspiration might have been reached by the Brown-Rollins-Roach combination, if this fascinating album is any pointer to an unachieved future?

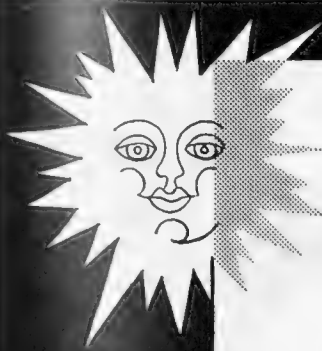
I was dismayed the first time I heard altoist Sonny Stitt play a set in a London concert. Since then I have listened to his records and gradually learned to like the strident aggression which flows from his lips. He needs a sympathetic rhythm section, and in H.M.V.'s **Personal appearance** (CLP1363) he has one. His Parker-based style extends itself to the tenor, on which he also blows with a tight tone, but swinging all the way.

By being in the right place at the right time Billy Taylor was fortunate enough to meet and work with

many of the famous names who regaled the nightspots of New York in the later years of the war. He was relief pianist at the Three Deuces when Tatum was the star; later he formed the house trio at Birdland.

His style is at once technical and swinging, without lapsing into the mechanical bulldozer approach adopted by some of his contemporaries. His 1951-2 sessions, issued by Vogue, are aptly named **Taylor made piano** (LAE-12192); they are worth hearing, especially as some have the driving bass work of Charlie Mingus on them.

Twelve years ago I heard Bernard Peiffer beating out his brains and his fingers on a battered piano in a Paris club. The music swung like mad whenever he tried, then faded out like an exhausted moth flapping against a lampshade when he lost interest. His latest Top Rank album, terrifyingly called **Modern jazz for people who like original music** (30/025) makes me yearn for those bygone days. His classical training brings out the worst elements that can possibly stem from a highly imaginative mind and a considerable technique. Bach, Debussy and Hindemith influences are poured on to a hotplate, already overflowing with the well-brewed mixture supplied by Monk, Brubeck, and all the Garner-influenced pianists from the jazz pot. That the end-product comes out weighted in favour of the classical injection is largely fortuitous, and does little credit to Peiffer as composer or as performer.



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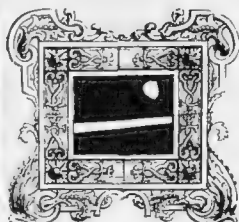




AUSTRALIAN INVASION spearheaded by the recent exhibition of paintings by Sidney Nolan is reinforced by visits to London from two of his fellow countrymen. Albert Tucker (below) exhibited at the Waddington Galleries last month. Arthur Boyd (right), a descendant of Thomas à Becket, is showing at the Zwemmer Gallery till 20 August. Alan Roberts reviews it next week



GERTI DEUTSCH



## GALLERIES

Alan Roberts

### Bargains from the basement

TO MOST PEOPLE THERE IS ONLY ONE Summer Exhibition—the monster gallimaufry that is now in its last weeks at Burlington House. But at this time of the year many of the more prosperous dealers delve into their basements and hold a sort of public stocktaking which they call *their* summer exhibitions.

At the Redfern this process has produced a display which for variety and overcrowding is inferior to that of the Royal Academy only because, mercifully, the available gallery space is so much smaller. Even so there are here some 360 paintings and drawings hanging frame to frame, and a few pieces of sculpture that, however you try to avoid them, still mask some of the pictures.

In these circumstances the only thing to do, if you wish to come out as sane as you went in, is to walk briskly through with your senses wide open and let what can impress itself upon you. Having behaved in this pardonably cavalier manner I find that these are the principal impressions left with me:

The extraordinary resemblance in

style, colour and technique between two paintings (hung side by side deliberately, no doubt) by Keith Vaughan and Manolis Calliannis.

The complete emptiness of yet another of Roger Hilton's "space-creating" abstractions. The absurd triviality of de Staël's preciously framed paper collages contrasted with the excellence of his paintings.

I felt real pleasure at meeting an old friend, the little *Angel on a blue background*, by Max Ernst, and real sick on coming face to face with what must be the hundred-and-umpteenth of Francis Bacon's leering Popes.

I remember seeing a lot of Sutherlands, some Alan Reynoldses so good that I don't feel so sore now about this fine artist "going abstract", and a Leger that I have always hated. But on reference to my catalogue now I realize that I missed an *Etude de ciel* by Boudin, a Cézanne and two Utrillos that must have succumbed to oedophobia.

How differently they do things at the Marlborough, where the summer show is called, accurately too,

Masters of Modern Art. Here, with considerably larger premises, they are content to display only 89 works, many of them gems, none of them fighting its neighbours for elbow room. Almost everything is worth lingering over and the only thing to distract the eye from each picture is the seductive beauty of the next.

Start, for instance, by looking at a charming nude in red chalk by Renoir and immediately you are called away by the superior *Quatre danseuses nues* of Degas. Try to savour the gentle loveliness of a rose by the incomparable Fantin-Latour and a dazzling *Vase avec des fleurs*, by Van Gogh, a gorgeous piece of "japonaiserie", pulls you away. Stand drinking in the *pointilliste* sunshine of Signac in *Le port de Marseille* and Boudin will entice you into the cool, calm sea of *La rade de Brest*.

And this is only the beginning. Courbet and Monet are both here with first-class works. There are two Utrillos from the artist's best period and one of them looks very like the origin of our own Mr. Piper. A quixotic *Pere Ubu* rides again in glorious colour by permission of Georges Rouault, and some buxom bathing belles of 1918 brave the lurid-coloured sea at the request of Raoul Dufy.

Particularly interesting while the Picasso show is on is one of the three Braques at the Marlborough. Dating from what Roland Penrose calls, in the catalogue of the Tate exhibition, "Synthetic Cubism", it is indistinguishable from several Picassos of the same period. Rouault's and Picasso's collaboration

at this time seems to have been so close that they shared the same newspaper. The same "Journal", even down to the exact serifs on the letters, turns up again and again in the still-lives of both of them.

Picasso himself and Modigliani, Leger, Gris, de la Fresnaye, Derain, Bonnard, Vuillard, Pissarro and Sisley are also among the 46 modern masters of the exhibition's title. Kokoschka turns up rather unexpectedly with a gay *Girl with flowers and birdage*, and Moore (the only sculptor here) and Sutherland are the only Englishmen admitted to these exalted ranks.

Among the three bronzes by Moore is a massive, overblown *Woman* 1957, that squats like some monstrous, deformed tuber in the centre of the gallery. It is not a very pleasing work and what sculptural quality the ponderous torso has is made rather ridiculous by the addition of a neck and head that seem to belong to some other work.

Finally, a word about Lépine and Jongkind, two *petit maitres* who might be expected to wilt in this grand company but who, in fact, distinguish themselves unobtrusively but firmly. The Dutchman's *Canal près de Honfleur* is a charming precursor of the Impressionism of Sisley. From it emanates that feeling of calm that Van Gogh so much admired in Jongkind. But like his admirer, Jongkind also ended his days in a lunatic asylum.

Lépine's *Paris—sur le quai* is a little thing of such refinement that it is hard to understand how 19th-century Paris could have allowed him to live and die in poverty.



## COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR

PAINTING by great masters are almost impossible to come by now—even for wealthy collectors. Few ever enter the open market, and when they do they command prohibitive prices. Last March a Gainsborough fetched £130,000, a Ruysdael £5,750, a Stubbs £17,000 and a Magnasco £10,500.

The young collector must therefore turn to lesser names or else to unfashionable schools, where the choice is enormous, the variety bewildering and the pitfalls many. There is a Europe for him to choose from the centuries to range through, and a score of different schools. If he cannot afford George Stubbs or Ben Marshall, what about John Wootton or Morland? If he cannot turn to a Constable or a Hobbema (recently fetched £14,700), why not try a Crome or Wilson or Bonnington?

And what about seascapes? There is a vast choice of these, both old and new. When considering the Italian painters, one should remember that they seldom ventured beyond the harbour bar, and that they often missed the natural beauty of the sea and ships by introducing classical ruins and mythological subjects. The sea-faring Dutch, however, were true to their national traditions and produced many masters of seascape painting, the most famous being the Van de Velde family, Jan van de Capelle and Ludoff Backhuysen. The same can be said of the English—though, apart from Turner, none have achieved the reputation of the Dutch. Names that come immediately to mind are Peter Monamy (1670-1749) and Charles Brooking (1723-1759), and one—perhaps not known to a very wide public, but

none the less an artist of considerable merit—John Thomas Serres. The excellent example of his work shown above is titled *Shipping outside Portsmouth* and was painted in 1825. It is on view at the Thomas Agnew galleries in Bond Street and priced at £175, which compares favourably with some of the other figures I have mentioned.

Serres was born in London in 1759 and exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1780 onwards. By 1793 he was Marine Painter to the King, draughtsman to the Admiralty and apparently well set on a very successful career. Unfortunately, he married a Miss Wilmot, who proclaimed she was a daughter of the Duke of Cumberland and styled herself the Princess of Cumberland. Her extravagance ruined him, he was imprisoned for debt and died within the Rules of King's Bench on 28 December, 1825.

This picture, a companion to *Shipping off Plymouth* which was signed and dated—is therefore one of Serres' latest works. It is a delightful composition of a quiet and restful scene; a picture easy to live with and one whose appeal grows with longer acquaintance. A peaceful sky, calm sea and ships at anchor, always have a greater appeal than stormy scenes with ships in distress, a point to remember when buying as an investment.

This example shows that there are desirable paintings available on the market by minor masters, the demand for whose works may well increase as the more famous names vanish from the market altogether, absorbed by the public galleries or accepted by the government in lieu of death duties.

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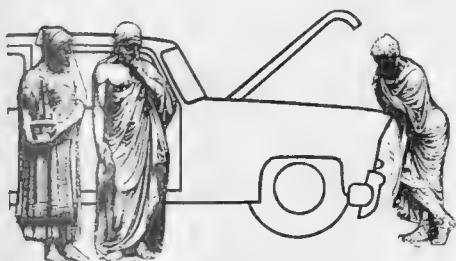
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**MOTORING** by Gordon Wilkins

## Man paces the machine

ONE OF THE MOST ENCOURAGING phenomena of our time is the way human beings seem to be keeping pace with the development of machines. The old physical limitations don't seem to be valid any more. The four-minute mile is almost commonplace and a few hardy individuals, preparing themselves for space travel, are learning to live in a state of weightlessness.

Three weeks and three days after a frightful crash that broke both his legs below the knee and broke his nose for the fifth time, Stirling Moss came along to a dinner party organised by the B.M.C. at Skindles. He told us how much he was enjoying swimming and cycling, complained that he still found it a little tiring to stand up for long periods, but hoped to get behind a steering wheel again within a month from the accident. He demonstrated his new party trick, a movable nose, which seems to be a permanent legacy of the latest repair operations.

At the same party was Nancy Mitchell, announcing her decision to retire from competition motoring to devote more time to husband, home and grandchildren. After 12 highly successful years in racing and international rallies, she admitted that she finds it difficult to raise any valid objection to her 22-year-old son starting his racing career in a Lotus Seven.

Indeed 22 must seem a ripe old age to some people. Time was when a youngster of that age considered himself lucky to get a ride as passenger with a racing driver and looked forward to a 10-year apprenticeship before he would be allowed to handle a racing

car in a big event himself. But with us was Bruce McLaren who came from New Zealand a year or so ago to rocket to the top in big time racing and is now, at 22, disputing the world championship with Jack Brabham. His elders were listening with attention and respect to his views on the road holding and handling qualities of a variety of cars from the Grand Prix Cooper to his own 3.8-litre Jaguar, which he has had modified with higher geared steering and a stronger anti-roll bar at the front.

The driver's views are more important than ever today and his success depends especially on his ability to size up the characteristics of a car and explain what he wants altered. In the old days the driver had to accept the car more or less as the designer built it and make the best of it, with modifications to details like tyre pressures and shock-absorber settings. But knowledge of road-holding and high-speed steering has now progressed to the stage where the designer gives the driver a car which can be adapted to suit a particular circuit or the driver's own particular style. He can have oversteer or understeer, or neutral handling, more or less as required.

Preferences vary, but there seems to be a balance of opinion in favour of a car which develops slight oversteer in a crisis. In non-technical terms, this means that if you enter a corner too fast, have done all the braking you can safely do and have to see the thing through, the throttle will help to bring the tail round and the car will spin in the last resort. A car which has strong

understeer will simply drift outwards at the front end in a crisis and go plunging off the road despite all the driver's efforts with the steering wheel. The ideal, which is rarely achieved, is a car which is neutral through most of the speed range, drifting at an angle to the direction of travel in a really fast corner, and able to develop slight oversteer if the situation becomes difficult.

All this probably sounds highly technical, but our modern touring cars have such excellent road-holding properties that a little understanding of basic principles helps in getting the best out of them. Though usually modified by the fitting of stronger anti-roll bars, special shock absorbers and sometimes stiffer springs, the saloon cars in the production car races do demonstrate the staggering possibilities of the modern family car, and it is obvious that ordinary drivers have learned a great deal from watching them in action.

Cruising speeds on British roads have not increased greatly in the past few years, because road congestion has largely cancelled out the benefits from higher performance, but it is my impression that there has been a great increase in cornering speeds in the past five years, not among week-end drivers, but among the alert and expert group who drive every day on business. Another factor which is making a great contribution to faster and safer cornering is the development of better tyres, and some startling new possibilities are now being opened up. They are worth a special article to themselves.

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

## How to make your make-up work

**I**T'S not what you use, it's the way that you use it. The working layout below sets the standard for a perfectionist. The way to succeed with mascara is to put it on in thin coats, then brush the lashes out. The tool at the top is a *Roll-O-Matic* mascara and tiny lash comb in one black-and-gilt case that looks like a pen: 18s. 6d. by Estée Lauder who has an exciting new colour *Bleu Royale* that looks like navy blue on dark lashes, brighter on lighter ones. The way to win with the two exciting new lip colours on this page (*centre*) is to smooth Estée Lauder's *Lip Gloss* over her Riviera Tan *Re-Nu* lip lipstick in the long case and Jacques Fath's waisted black-and-gold case with its choice of 12 colours. *Lip Gloss* gives a slight sheen which protects lips and your lipstick from coming off. The way to flatter eyes is to have a boundary of lush lashes. You can stimulate their growing power with *Waxmors Suleyka* cream (good on its own if you don't like mascara) or add a fake pair by Steiner in two thicknesses, four colour-ways. Incredibly easy to use, the eye and to fix, they cost 17s. 6d.—plus their own tube of fixative. And the method to adopt to set eyes brimming over with colour is a little trick to apply liquid liners in just the right depth for eye shape. The secret tip here is a small bottle of heavenly blue (turquoise) and a capped brush to apply it (*bottom*) by Estée Lauder. Or, if you like stick shadow, there's a new one in Hartnell's new range of make up—a slender stick of turquoise (use the brush to apply a line exact to a hairsbreadth). *Murine* soothes sun-warm eyes and it's recently made a new appearance in the handbag bottle for the picture. The Estée Lauder gilt pencil draws a draughtsman's line to wandering eyebrows which need a firm plucking from underneath first and a light hand when making up for their deficiencies.

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## DINING IN

by Helen Burke



## Doubling with chicken

UNUSUAL FOOD COMBINATIONS OFTEN make excellent companions. Fruit and meat, or meat and fish, combined with good taste may make an exciting dish. And what a blessing for the home cook who may have three meals a day to prepare. An enterprising cook may deliberately buy a larger chicken or joint, or a larger piece of expensive fish, in order to produce a second dish with what she can have left over.

These little courses may well, at this time of year, be cold dishes, thus overcoming the growing prejudice against twice-cooked foods.

Buy, for instance, a large young boiling fowl and serve it with rice, *Poule au Riz*, a delicious homely French way. I cannot do better than give you the recipe from *Clémentine In The Kitchen*, by Phineas Beck. This is the story, together with recipes of dishes, provided by the gifted "cuisinière" who presided majestically over the Beck kitchen for close to a decade.

This is the recipe in the book which has immortalized Clémentine.

"*Poule au Riz*—Put enough water in the pot so that your fowl will be almost covered. Add to it salt, pepper, a good sprig of parsley, thyme, a bayleaf, two cloves of garlic, one sliced onion and a stalk of celery. Let the fowl simmer gently in this *courbouillon* until tender. It may take two hours.

"Wash your rice and cook it in part of the liquid and make a sauce by thickening with the yolks of two eggs. To accomplish this, add a little of the liquid slowly, stirring briskly with a sauce whisk. Do not allow it to boil.

"Arrange the rice on a platter, placing the slices of chicken over it, and serve very hot. The sauce (which brings unusual distinction to Clémentine's recipe) should be served separately." Celery may not be obtainable, I use lovage during the summer in its place, but celery salt or dried celery leaves could well stand in for the fresh stalks. For young cooks may I add that the addition of the stock slowly to the beaten egg yolks is to avoid cooking the egg in little bits which could, easily happen, and the warning about not allowing the sauce to boil is given for the same reason.

*Coulubiace of Chicken* is another dish and a very exciting one too, where cooked chicken is used unashamedly. Start with a yeast or puff pastry, but the yeast or brioche dough is better. Mix  $\frac{1}{4}$ -oz. of baker's yeast with about a teacup of tepid water and gradually work it into two ounces of flour. Beat well, then work in about six ounces more flour (plain), a good pinch of salt, four ounces of butter creamed and softened, and one large egg and mix well together. Place in a coldish place for an hour. Meanwhile melt one ounce of butter and in it cook one small finely chopped onion to the translucent stage. Add three ounces of white thinly-sliced mushrooms with a sprinkle of lemon juice (about one teaspoon), sweat these together over a lowish heat for a minute or two. Work in a teaspoon of flour and, away from the heat, stir in a pinch of paprika and  $\frac{1}{4}$ -pint of well-flavoured chicken stock. Simmer to a not too thick sauce, and add a dessertspoon of chopped parsley with three tablespoons of cooked Patna rice and up to two ounces of chicken cut into small strips. Taste and season suitably. Heat through, add one tablespoon of double-cream and leave to become cold.

Meanwhile, roll out the dough, after kneading it well, into a Swiss roll shape on a double piece of greaseproof paper. Place half the chicken mixture down the centre of the pastry leaving about 1½ inches at each end. Place in a row one sliced hard-boiled egg, add the remaining mixture and another sliced egg. Bring the pastry on each side of the built-up row of chicken and egg, up and over the top forming a roll. Place on a baking sheet and use the paper to help turn it over so that the thickest part and the joins are underneath. Make two steam holes a third of the way along the top from each end. Brush with beaten egg yolk and leave for about 30 minutes in a cool place. Place in the oven at 425 deg. F. or gas mark 7 and bake for about 30 minutes when the roll should be a beautiful warm gold. Serve cut into thick slices, and pass with it the same creamy sauce as that used to bind the mixture inside.



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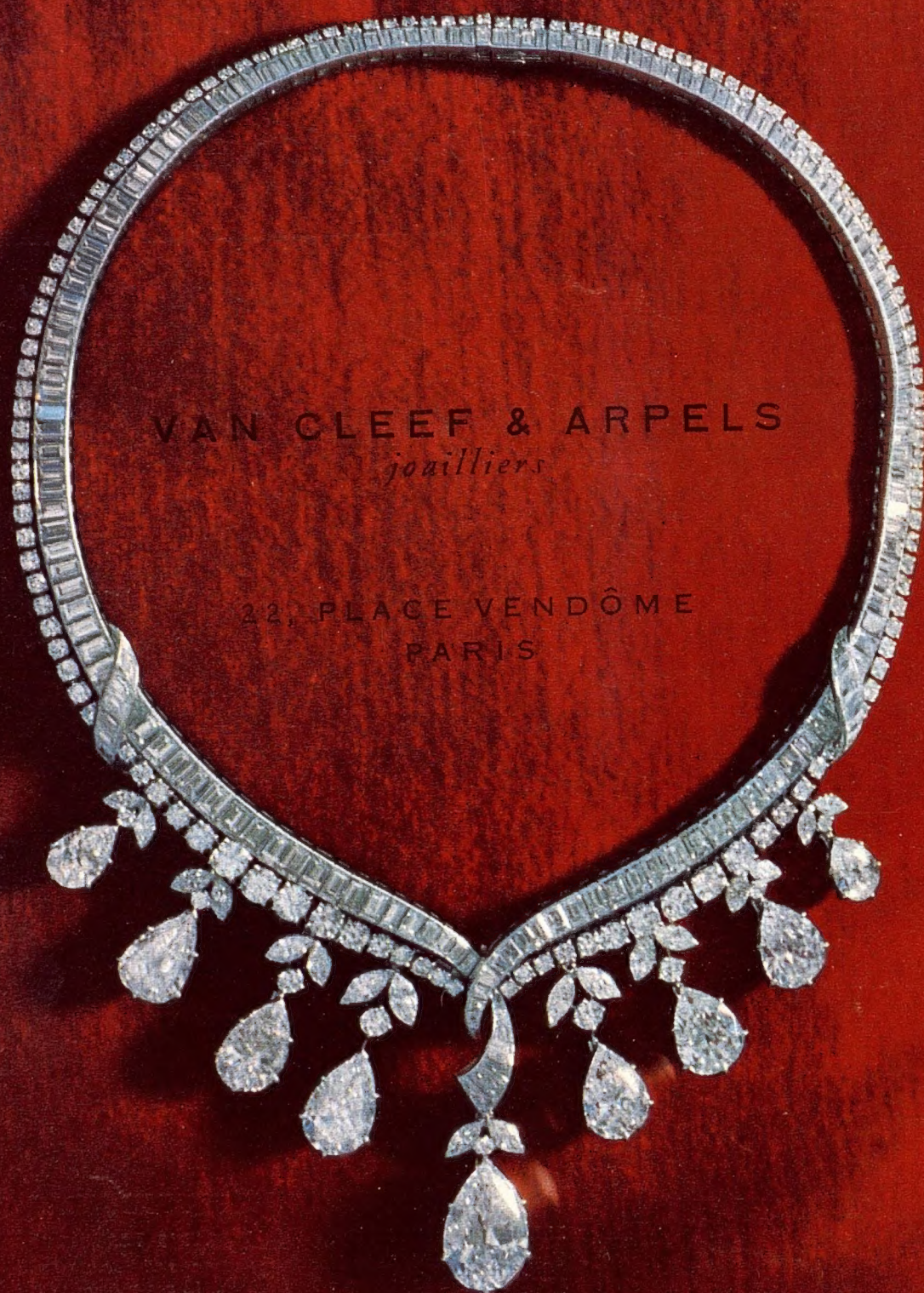
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